

## affection (in all the right places)

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by [Silverxts](#)

### Summary

*“C-Can you—” George stutters. His mind races a mile a minute, he can’t think straight, not with Dream looking at him like that. His face burns a hundred degrees hotter than it should be and he looks away from his intense, worried stare, instead of George eyes the spot of brown on the table. “Can you teach me how to kiss?” He blurts out.*

*There’s a heavy-weighted, stretched silence that sinks between them and the only thing George hears is the blood rushing through his ears accompanied by the faint chatter of customers and hissing of coffee machines.*

*“Are— Are you serious?” Dream looks shocked and slightly bewildered like he doesn’t completely believe the brunet is asking for a serious question.*

or; George asks Dream to teach him how to kiss to impress Sapnap. Things escalate a little.

And by a little maybe a too much.

## Notes

Finally, *finally* I finished this piece. Sitting at around 25k words, I've finally finished this damn thing and I'm *so, so, happy with it*. I really hope you guys enjoy this as well, I know it's long but I think it's worth it, trust me :) Enjoy reading!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The harsh, sharp hiss of espresso machines is always one of the most annoying things about working at the coffee shop for George.

It doesn't exactly help that he works with Karl, most of the time in the same shift, who happens to love to ridicule and tease him whenever a nice looking guy comes in to order coffee and throws in a flirty line, and George is stumbling through his words to get the order right, face bright red and flushed like he's back in fifth grade.

It also doesn't help how *all* of his friends, especially the ones that come in during his shift to poke fun at him, know that he's never kissed or dated a single person in his life.

He can't get enough of the teasing, usually smiling and rolling his eyes but deep down, he feels a sense of embarrassment and shame for not being like his other friends who have more experience than him.

George frowns at his thoughts, standing in front of the machine and watching the cloud of water hiss out of it when his name is suddenly called in the front.

"George!"

He looks over the counter and sees the familiar mop of blond hair grinning at him, elbows resting on the countertop, blinking innocently with laughter on his lips. George rolls his eyes, moving the steam baffle inwards so it turns off and he heads towards the cashier, lips quirking up when the man stands up.

"You know," George begins, drawing his words out long and slow as if he's annoyed and Dream only grins wider at him, eyes twinkling with emerald happiness. "Sometimes I wonder why the fuck God made you so damn tall, but then I realize taller guys are more likely to hit their heads on the doorway, which is probably why you're lost brain cells."

Dream wheezes, his laughter going loudly through the cafe as he bends over the counter and covers his mouth. There's a crinkle of his eyes that has George smiling a satisfied grin. "You're such an idiot," the blond says when he's calmed down from his laughter. Some of the customers are looking at them with curious glances, others with annoyed faces, and George feels his face burn a little in embarrassment. He bows slightly to some of the customers as an apology for his friend's behavior and they go back to doing what they were doing.

"You're annoying the customers, idiot, so shut up and order," George grumbles, pursing his lips and Dream only smiles, leaning back again. He's about to say something else when he's interrupted by another voice.

"Dude, are you going to order, or are you going to keep flirting with little Georgie?"

The brunet snaps his head up at the warm, rough, raspy voice and his eyes widen at Sapnap who just talked. He feels his cheeks burn when they make eye contact and the raven smiles, grey-blue eyes curving along with his cheeks and George swallows nervously.

“Hey, Sapnap,” the brunet’s voice wavers and he curses at himself inwardly for it. He hears Karl giggle at him and he turns around to flip off his co-worker who disappears behind the staff door with a wink. George turns back around. “Nice to see you again.”

The raven grins lazily. “Hey, Georgie, how’s business going?”

George bites his lips and shrugs. “As usual, nothing else.” He feels a burning set of green, jaded eyes scorching holes into his head and he whips his head to face Dream, an unreadable expression painting his face.

The elder lifts an eyebrow and the blond looks away with a shrug.

He turns towards the screen of the cashier. “What can I get you idiots today?”

“Americano, please, sweetheart,” Dream teases and George rolls his eyes, ignoring the faint pink that blooms on his cheeks at the pet name. His eyes quickly avert to Sapnap who looks at him with a curious eye, and George hopes that he doesn’t think anything is going on between him and Dream.

“Don’t call me that, you fucking idiot,” George grumbles and taps in the order. When he faces Sapnap properly, he gives him a big, kind smile. “How about you, Sap? What do you want today?”

The raven hums at the question, looking at the board behind the brunet as he thinks. “I don’t know,” he hums. “Surprise me.” George has to stop himself from squealing on the spot at the request.

Instead, he smiles a wider smile, cheeks flushed pink with carnations and he types in his favorite drink into the screen. “All right, I’ll get that to you guys in a bit.”

The boys bicker a bit but ultimately, Dream pays for both drinks and they settle down onto their usual spot, a place near the back with sofa chairs and George almost drools at the way Sapnap’s thighs contract as he sits down.

“You’re so down bad, George,” Karl snickers behind him and the elder whips around to flip him off with a growing scowl.

His eyes wander back to the raven man who’s running a hand through his hair and laughing at something Dream said. “Shut up,” he mutters, hands failing to work on the coffee machine. “He’s just... really attractive.”

“You can say hot, George.”

“You’re an asshole, you know?”

Karl bursts into loud laughter, giggles ringing through the coffee shop as George begins to make the drinks. “Then ask him out, you fucking coward, and get laid for once.”

George sputters, the hiss of a coffee machine echoing in his ears as he turns to Karl with wide, shocked eyes. “N-No! No you fucking idiot! Why would he be with someone like me? I’ve never even kissed anyone.”

Karl scoffs, eyes rolling as he probs espresso into a cup and adding hot water into it. The steam fogs up the sides of the glass and he watches the brown liquid rise. “You know Sapnap isn’t that type of person, and you know he won’t care. Stop being a fucking pussy.”

“*Karl!*” George whines, almost stomping his foot on the ground like a kid in a tantrum. “You just don’t get it.”

“Then just like— I don’t know, practice on someone or something.”

George’s mouth drops open, shock groin through his nerves. “What the Hell does *that* mean?” He hisses.

The barista rolls his eyes in exasperation and places the finished americano to the side. He turns to look at George with furrowed eyebrows and his lips purse in thought. George fumbles as he finishes the cookie based Frappuccino with haste. “What I *mean*, is that maybe if you don’t want your first kiss to be Sapnap because you’re worried he’s going to judge you or whatever dumb shit your mind thinks of, practice on someone else.” Karl looks over to the pair on the far table and looks back with a slight smirk. “Dream is experienced, he’s slept with lots of people, why don’t you ask him?”

George lets his mouth drop open wider at the suggestion and he feels his cheeks burn. “*What?*”

Karl shrugs and grabs the drinks, making his way to the other side of the counter. “It makes logical sense to me. Besides, you guys are close, right? I doubt a couple kisses will ruin your friendship.” He ignores the expression and the tinting red on his friend’s face as he looks at the drinks. “Do you want to take these or should I?”

George sputters through his words, mind running wild at the mere *idea* of kissing his *best friend* of all things and he squeaks out a small ‘*you can*’ as the younger giggles at his response. He leaves the elder man beet red and embarrassed, and George watches Karl hand the drinks to their friends, the pair smiling at the man with a grateful look and Dream looks over at George.

He sends him a wink and lifts his cup a little towards him, taking a sip right after.

George sits in front of the cashier, thoughts turning in circles as he thinks of the idea.

Asking Dream to kiss him so he could kiss Sapnap properly? Is that not weird?

But the more George thinks about it, the more he seems to be okay with the idea, the more he’s inclined to ask the blond if he wants to do it. He doesn’t think it’s necessarily a bad thing either, Dream has kissed lots of people, he’s just another person to him.

And they’re best friends, just like Karl said. Surely a couple of kisses with Dream wouldn’t ruin anything between them.

The brunet watches with calming, pink cheeks as Karl giggles along to something the pair probably said to him and he groans, embarrassment flooding his body again as he thinks about it again.

George turns away with a sigh, wiping away at the coffee machine and letting his mind run on its own.

In reality, there's probably a lot of things that can go wrong when kissing your best friend, especially when it's nothing more than practice, and even more when said best friend likes to sleep around too often than not for George's pleasure. It's not like he had a problem, he just enjoyed spending time with Dream and half the time he's always at someone else's place fucking them, or

something like that.

A sudden image of Dream with faint beads of sweat running down his forehead as his hips grind forward pops into the brunet's mind and he shakes his head, face burning with shame.

George forces his thoughts to go back to his past ideas and tries to ignore the image in his head. On a better note, George thinks, the experience Dream could give him could help him land a date.

He looks over at Sarnap, a look of longing in his eyes as he watches him bend over the table laughing at something Dream had said.

And George makes his mind up right there and then.

Sarnap leaves a little after an hour, George knowing he has class wishes him a good luck on his quiz. Half an hour later, he finishes his shift at the shop and waves goodbye to Karl who wiggles his eyebrows suggestively and the elder rolls his eyes. When George makes his way over to Dream, he's tinkering on his phone and texting rapidly.

The brunet taps his shoulder and the blond looks up with a start, eyes and lips softening as it paints into a fond smile.

"You finished, George?"

"Obviously," he says with a scoff.

Dream is about to stand up but George settles into the seat in front of him, not responding to his friend's confused expression as he sits back down. The elder bits his lips, nervousness suddenly crashing onto him like a wave of cold water.

"I want to ask you something," he starts off with a wavering voice.

Dream hums. "Shoot." His focus turns to the brunet so he's fully paying attention. His eyebrows are slightly furrowed, concern lacing through his face and George appreciates his worry, but the fact that the next thing he was going to ask involves *kissing his best friend* makes him melt into a heated mess.

When the blond notices his red cheeks, his eyebrows rise and disappear behind his hair that's flopped over his forehead.

"C-Can you—" George stutters. His mind races a mile a minute, he can't think straight, not with Dream looking at him like *that*. His face burns a hundred degrees hotter than it should be and he looks away from his intense, worried stare, instead of George eyes the spot of brown on the table. "Can you teach me how to kiss?" He blurts out.

There's a heavy-weighted, stretched silence that sinks between them and the only thing George hears is the blood rushing through his ears accompanied by the faint chatter of customers and hissing of coffee machines.

"Are— Are you serious?" Dream looks shocked and slightly bewildered like he doesn't completely believe the brunet is asking for a serious question.

"Um," George licks his suddenly dry lips. "Yeah, I'm just I just—"

"Why do you want me to help you learn how to kiss when you could just— I don't know, kiss someone you really like for the first time?" Dream interrupts with furrowed brows and George

almost makes a noise of frustration.

“Because Sapnap is experienced way more than I am!” He leans forward, eyes begging. “Dream, I’ve never dated a man, let alone do anything that requires any sort of fucking intimacy or some shit! I want him to *date* me, not look at me like I’m a kid.”

The blond purses his lips. “Did Karl set you up? Because you seem to be acting pretty spot on for someone who’s asking me to kiss you,” he drawls with accusing eyes and George groans, letting his head drop to the table with a *‘thud.’* “And if this is real, which doesn’t seem to me, *by the way,*” he continues, “Sapnap isn’t the type of guy who cares.”

George looks up with a pout. “You know I like Sapnap?”

Dream chuckles, a smile breaking onto his lips with a smirk itching to rise up. “You don’t hide it very well, idiot.”

The brunet groans again, louder this time and cursing under his breath. “Can you help me then?”

“Wait, you were serious?”

“*Dream!*”

The man laughs, his wheezes growing louder. “Okay, *okay!* I get it, you’re serious.” His laughter slowly dies down and his expression morphs into a more serious one. “Are you sure?”

George nods almost immediately, happy that Dream agreed because he doesn’t know who he’d ask if he had said no. “C’mon then,” the brunet says, grabbing the blond’s empty cup out of habit and waiting for the man to stand up. He raises an eyebrow at George.

“What? Right now?”

George huffs with impatience running through his voice. “Yes, you idiot, right now. I want to get over it already.”

Dream hums, grabbing his bag and hoisting it up onto his shoulder and George drags his eyes away from the flexing muscle of his arms to throw away the empty cup. He looks over at Karl one last time, who winks at him and George scoffs inwardly. He pushes the door open and holds it out for the blond who gives him a mocking bow, letting a giggle erupt in his chest.

As they walk to their shared apartment, the air between them is tense, even as they talk about mundane things like classes and workload, but it serves as a little distraction to George’s pained nervousness. The thick tension between them doesn’t let down the entire time, one that he’s never felt before and they’ve spent hours just being next to each other in silence.

When they get to the door, the brunet can feel his hands tremble as he unlocks the door, and he’s sure that Dream has taken notice of his obvious anxiety.

“We don’t have to do this today, George,” he says softly behind his shoulder and George unlocks the door.

He sighs as he walks in. “I want to, though, I do, I just— I’m scared.”

“Do you trust me?”

George turns to the younger. Emerald eyes bleed raw honesty and kindness, and he swallows the

lump in his throat, shoulders settling down as he relaxes.

“Of course I do.”

They stand in silence for a bit, Dream stares at George with worry etched with an unreadable emotion, and the brunet is avoiding all eye contact with him.

“So, pretty boy, how do you want to do this?”

The elder’s cheeks tint pink at the pet name, Dream’s mouth smoothly slipping into his regular pattern of flirting with the elder that he pretends doesn’t have any effect on him. “I don’t know, you tell me,” he huffs. “And don’t call me that,” he adds with a mumble, but he doesn’t mean it, he never does.

“Whatever you say, baby,” he teases with a smile and heads to his room. George follows like a lost puppy, dumping his things at the door of his room before leaning onto the doorway of his roommate’s room. He stands there awkwardly, rolling on the balls of his feet and hooking his fingers between each other. Dream beckons him in with a wave of his hand and he stumbles in, face lighting up into shades of reds in embarrassment as the blond chuckles.

George sits on the bed and tries to get comfortable, his body jittery and nervous, but there’s an underlying sense of excitement and want.

“You’re sure you want to do this today, George?”

The man nods. “Yeah, I— I want to do this, Dream, trust me. I just— I just don’t know how to do it,” he pouts. “I’m nervous, okay?”

Dream smiles, flashing ivory teeth that glimmer from the sun through the window and George stares a little too long. Jade eyes light up in a fascinating, fond way and he can’t bring himself to bury himself in shame when his best friend looks like that.

“Okay, get closer then, idiot.” George shuffles closer, thighs brushing against jeans and it feels a little too hot all of a sudden. “Just follow my lead.”

The brunet nods, taking in a sharp breath before leaning in closer. Dream’s hands run up his arm, and George is so much more aware of the warmth radiating off of the younger man’s body. His breath hitches again when his eyes flicker down to a set of, pink, perfect lips.

It’s just a kiss.

So why did he feel so nervous?

The blond’s hands move up to cup his cheeks, thumbs brushing over spots of freckles softly and George relaxes in his hold, the soft contact making him feel at ease. The position is far too intimate for two friends, but for Dream and George, for some reason, this feels good, nice, *warm*. He isn’t sure why he can feel a storm of butterflies swarming in his stomach, but he settles the reasoning to be that it’s his first kiss.

Dream’s eyes flicker around the brunet’s face, searching for any hesitation or worry, but when he finds none, his eyes flicker down. George watches his tongue poke out to wet his lips and he instinctively does the same. His best friend’s lips are inviting, a wet canine digging into his lips and George stops himself from just closing the gap and kissing him.

“Just kiss me, idiot,” George whispers. Dream leans in, lips pressing onto his own with a delicate

touch.

It starts with a small pressure against George's lips, there's no moving, no tongue, nothing out of the ordinary, yet there's an unsettling feeling of an unknown emotion that erupts inside of him. George is about to pull back to complain to Dream that, '*this isn't kissing, idiot*,' but Dream does it first.

The brunet's voice is lost in his throat when he looks around, searching for any regret or hesitation again. When he finds none again, he leans in without a word, mouth opening against George's and the elder gasps against him. The blond moves to suckle George's bottom lips into his mouth, a small whine escaping his lips. It's swallowed by Dream's mouth who moves back on top of his to spread his mouth open with his tongue. He doesn't prod into him though, instead, Dream swipes at his bottom lips and digs his teeth lightly into the pink plush of lips.

And George had no idea that kissing feels so *good*, and he hates how much he enjoys the kiss because that fact is: Dream is a really good fucking kisser.

On top of that, he can't help but feel an explosion of hurricanes in his stomach, whirling up a storm of butterflies and he can only let out another small gasp that follows when the younger kisses him harder. Soft hands cupping his cheeks hold him tighter, yet they're gentle in the kindest of ways, making George tilt up his head as he presses himself closer.

Not even that, but the overwhelming smell of *Dream* submerges his thoughts into an array of disaster, the storm in his body stirring up things he's never realized before. Pines and spring is all he can think about as he squeezes his eyes shut to kiss Dream back.

Slowly, he feels his breath run out as the kiss goes on, the brunet struggles to breath through the mess of slick, messy and soft lips, and he whines quietly as Dream pulls away, tugging his bottom lip and letting it fall back to place.

When they've parted, they're panting heavily, heated condensed air feathers over George's sleek lips. Dream's hands are still on his cheeks and rubbing his thumbs softly on them. The brunet opens his eyes and he finds the other man staring at him with an unreadable expression, but it's laced with fondness.

"How—," George swallows the lump that suddenly grows in his throat. "How was that?"

Dream doesn't say anything for a moment, eyes flickering around George's face and he isn't sure if his face is burning any hotter than it was before.

He can slightly see Dream's ears hint at a red tint.

"It was good," the younger finally murmurs.

The brunet wets his lips again and looks away for a moment, eyes flickering down to Dream's lap. He's not sure why the space between them feels so strangely intimate and fond and loving all at the same time. "Can you do it again?"

Dream's lips quirk up to a smirk, the look slipping down his face as smugness begins to rest on his lips. "Can't get enough of me, can you?"

George turns away, the blond's hands falling from his face as he does so and George feels his cheeks heat up an even brighter red. "Shut up," he mumbles. "Forget about it."

Dream laughs, a chuckle piercing through the heavy, tense air and the elder looks back at him with



a scowl, standing up and brushing his thighs.

“George, wait, sorry. Come back, please,” he whines and George rolls his eyes.

He grasps at his small, pale wrists, and George pouts. “What is it?” His lips still tingle from the kiss, and it doesn’t help when his eyes involuntarily flicker down to his friend’s lips. He gulps hard.

“I was joking, sweetheart, if you want to kiss me again, I’d gladly give it to you,” he smirks again smugly, and the brunet rolls his eyes again, exasperated with the blond. He walks forward and flicks his forehead.

“Shut up, idiot. Stop calling me that.” George purses his lips. “For now it’s fine, I’m happy I could get over my first kiss anyway.”

Dream shrugs, a hand coming up to cover the spot that George flicked on his forehead. “Okay, let me know if you need anything else, okay?”

The brunet yawns, a tiredness washing over him from a long day of work. “Yeah, I know. I’m gonna take a nap before I start working on some assignments, though.” He looks over at his roommate before he walks out. “Do you wanna work on them together or do you want to do it on your own?”

Dream smiles brightly, back straightening up quickly with clear happiness seeping into his eyes. “Of course I want to. I’ll wait for you— or do you want me to wake you up?”

“Wake me up in an hour or so,” George hums.

“George.”

The man turns around at the doorway. Dream’s face is serious, yet full of care and love. “I’m here for you, okay? For anything, come to me.”

George smiles a bright smile. “I know.”

He heads out to his own room, closing the door and changing out of his shirt that reeks of coffee and switching into Dream’s hoodie, one of many he had taken from the blond’s closet. As he lies down, his thoughts begin to run wild. George’s lips still tingle from the press of soft lips opening up his mouth, and the smell of Dream hugs his small body still, the hoodie not helping to calm the storm of butterflies.

Everything is just far too intimate, and it makes his face heat up scarlet red as he hides under the blanket for no particular reason. The brunet lets out a short, small whine. “Get it together, George,” he mumbles to himself as he tries to slip himself to sleep.

He doesn’t sleep very well for the hour.

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“Hey, Georgie.”

The hiss of the coffee machine makes the voice hard to make out, but George still looks up with a

jump, whipping around with wide eyes. His breath hitches at the sight of the man and he inwardly curses himself for looking so messy, a towel in hand from wiping tables clean and hair disheveled from running a tired hand through it.

“Hey, Sapnap,” his voice wavers and he heads back to the counter, standing behind the cashier. George presses a couple tabs, opening up to a new order and he begs the universe to let the heat on his cheeks die down before he looks back into grey eyes.

Sapnap has always been a nice person, respectful and caring. He’s nothing like Dream, in a sense, where he is just a reckless, dumb, idiot that likes to sleep around with people.

The raven doesn’t talk until George is finished and looking right back at him. He wears a small, pleasant smile that has George’s heart racing, pink tinting his pale skin.

But when George licks his lips, he’s reminded of the kiss that he had shared between him and Dream, and suddenly all he can think about is stormy green eyes.

“What can I get you, Nick?” He ignores the image that clouds his mind.

The man hums, looking and reading the list of drinks on the board, muttering to himself in a way that George finds incredibly endearing and fond. Sapnap looks back at him with the same, sparkling, grey eyes he always wears and George falls a little harder.

“Today, I’ll have the matcha, I think.”

George nods and takes the order down, he tells him his total, wet teeth digging into pink lips with nervousness as he hands Sapnap back his change. When he’s finished, the man still stands there with a gentle smile, leaning against the case of pastries next to the counter. And usually, George would ask the customers to get off, but it’s Sapnap, and he would let the man do just about anything.

“What,” George begins with a wavering voice. His eyes flicker down to the bright, white screen of the tablet as he feels his face heat up crimson. “What do you want?”

Sapnap shrugs, peering into the staff room. “I dunno, I was bored,” he pouts. “Dream has a class right now and I didn’t want to be alone. Although—” George lets himself hope, he lets a sparkling spark of fire light up at the thought that *maybe*, just *maybe* the man liked him back just as much.

The raven’s eyes scan the back area. He seems to be looking for someone.

“Do you know where Karl is? I wanted to ask him something, I thought he was working at this time but maybe he’s late,” he says, voice leading down to a mumble.

The brunet tries to ignore the drop in his heart. “Uh, yeah, he texted me telling me he was gonna be five minutes late. Do you want to wait for him, then?” George asks with a tight-lipped smile. It doesn’t reach his eyes.

“Are you okay, George? Is something wrong?” Sapnap frowns and George is about to answer when the next words shut him up again. “Did Dream make you upset?”

The elder chokes on his spit, coughing roughly with wide eyes at the sudden worry. “*What—?* No! What the *Hell*, why would he— *no*, we’re fine. Why do you even ask?”

The raven looks at him like the answer is the most obvious thing in the world, and he seems like he’s about to elaborate until he shuts his mouth. “Never mind.”

“Nick!”

Karl walks in, Sapnap’s head whipping around as he drops the conversation that leaves George wondering what he was going to say. The man jumps onto the raven with a light giggle, and he laughs in response, holding the brunet tight to his chest. “Hi, Karl, I wanted to ask you something.”

George’s heart breaks a little, a deep, rooted seed of betrayal growing into green, jealousy as he watches his friend hold the person he likes most in a tight grip. He can’t help it, even if Karl’s form of affection is physical touch.

He barely takes in their conversation, cursing himself for being so inexperienced and boring.

“Can you help me with the professor’s assignment? I don’t understand what the Hell is going on and I know you’re good at it, Jacobs.”

There’s an airy, light, giggle and George suddenly feels like burning the man from where he stands with a smile on his face. “Yeah, of course! Do you want me to head over after work?”

There’s a ring from the entrance again and it shakes George out of his thoughts, making him turn to look at the new customer, plastering a smile onto his lips. He sighs in relief when he sees the familiar mop of blond hair walk in with a bright smile.

His heart settles into a peaceful calm ocean.

Dream comes to a stop in front of the brunet, ignoring his two other friends who seem to be wrapped up in a conversation. “George,” he grins and leans forward.

George can smell the faint cologne that sticks to his clothes, the overwhelming smell of pines and spring filters through his nose again and reminds him of the day they kissed again, cheeks turning a tint of strawberry pink.

“Dream,” he murmurs with a soft smile. He taps the screen a couple of times. “I thought you were in class?”

“Mm, left class early, wanted to see you,” Dream hums and George rolls his eyes.

“Alright, what can I get you?”

The blond let out a low chuckle, noticing his obvious demeanor and a fake smile plastered onto his lips and the slight furrow of his brows. “Someone’s in a bad mood. Who broke your heart today, baby?”

George’s frown grows deeper into the green root of jealousy as his eyes flicker to the pair behind him. “Nothing, don’t call me that. Now shut up and order.”

Unfortunately, for George, Dream is a stubborn bitch who doesn’t let something down until he finds what he wants. He turns his head around at a burst of loud laughter that comes from Sapnap and he hums in understanding when Dream sees Karl leaning into him with a teasing smile. “You know,” he drawls as he turns back around, “You could just start flirting with him instead of waiting for him to do it.”

George slaps the blond’s shoulder lightly. “Don’t say that so loud!” He hisses sharply, eyes cautiously going over to the raven to make sure he didn’t hear them. “Besides, I don’t even know how to, Dream. I can’t even land myself a date if I tried.”

“Then why are you asking me for help?”

“Because I thought it might help to get over kissing!” George whines.

Dream hums. “Maybe I could try to help you, if you want to, of course.”

The brunet’s eyes make their way back to the raven and he swallows the lump in his throat harshly. “Please,” he whispers.

When he looks back, Dream has leaned forward a bit, his eyes flickering all over George’s face and licking his lips briefly. “You’re going to want to look at them in the eye, pretty baby,” he whispers, his low voice sending shivers up the elder’s spine and he can’t seem to breathe, not with the overwhelming smell and thoughts of Dream that haze his mind, green jade eyes never leaving his face. He can’t even seem to bring himself to tell his friend off for calling him ‘*pretty baby*,’ especially when he rasps his voice in a way George has never heard before. “Compliment him, make him feel good, baby. Don’t be scared.”

George’s eyes can’t stop wavering, flickering all over the place from Dream’s eyes to his lips to the freckles that splatter over his cheeks like constellations. Everything around him falls apart as the blond leans closer with a smirk.

“Dream—” George gasps.

“And trust me, doll, as soon as it starts, you won’t need any help. Use things around you, it’s natural, it’s a ‘*go with the flow*’ kind of thing. So don’t worry your pretty little head about it,” Dream’s voice lowers and the elder squeezes his eyes shut.

For some reason, he has to bite down a whimper. “*Clay*.”

The blond pulls back right after, and George thinks he’s done something wrong when he realizes that Sapnap and Karl had finished their conversation and the brunet is making his way behind the counter next to George. He can feel his cheeks flame with a burning fire as Sapnap comes closer.

“Dream, what the— *Woah*. Why are you so red? Are you good?”

“N-Nothing!” The barista squeaks and Karl peers at him curiously as he gets to work on the raven’s matcha latte that he should’ve started five minutes ago. “I’ll start getting your drink ready, Sapnap.”

Karl comes next to him at the coffee machines, Sapnap and Dream heading off into their own conversation as he works on the drink. The man smirks at him, hips leaning on the counter. “So,” he wiggles his eyebrows. “What did Dream tell you to get so red, Georgie?”

The elder pouts at the name, a whine pulling through his throat. “Don’t call me that. And nothing, he was giving me advice,” he rushes out, the steaming hiss from the machine blowing to his face.

Karl hums, leaning against the glass door of pastries. “Advice for what?”

“To land a date.”

Karl’s eyes light up with a glimmer. “Are you finally going to ask Sapnap out?”

“No!” George hisses with embarrassment. He peeks over at the blond and the raven, cup filling up with hot milk as he stares with longing at Sapnap. “I want him to do it.”

“You’re such a pussy,” Karl mumbles and before the man can say anything in retort, he hops off to attend another customer that entered the shop.

George finishes up Sapnap’s drink, and he slips it onto the counter. “Drink for Sapnap!” He calls out, warm drink pressing into his palms as he passes it over to the raven. The man smiles at him as their fingertips touch and George feels like he’s in a fucking movie. “See you another time?”

Sapnap takes a sip and waves at him as he walks out with Dream, who looks back and winks at George before disappearing through the doors.

The brunet groans and sinks down.

He really is a pussy.

---

So, there’s a problem.

Now it’s not like George wants to force Dream to do anything he doesn’t want to, but he hasn’t kissed the brunet once since their first one.

At all.

And it wouldn’t be a problem if George isn’t desperately trying to land a date with someone who has a lot more experience than he does. And despite knowing that Sapnap is a good person, a kind-hearted, smart, and witty man that doesn’t care if someone were experienced or not, George doesn’t want to come off as the innocent little man that isn’t capable of love and relationships.

So really, that is the problem.

And he has no idea how to confront his best friend without melting into a puddle of *shame*.

But there comes a time where everyone eventually breaks.

“Dream.”

The man hums. He’s cooking something, stirring a wooden spoon in a silver pot over the stove. Dream had offered to cook something for the both of them for dinner, and George, who had not only been distracted in thinking of ways to ask Dream to kiss him again, but also stressing over his assignment due tonight.

“You okay, George?” Dream asks after a couple of hits of silence and George shakes his head out of his thoughts.

“Nothing just stressed out about assignments and stuff, you know how it is,” George mumbles, worry etched in his voice,

“If you need help with anything, you can always ask me, baby.”

There’s another tense silence that settles between them.

“Why—” George blurts out. “Why won’t you kiss me again?”

The blond whips around with a raised eyebrow. “We’re going to talk— okay,” he chuckles breathlessly and turns down the heat on the stove. He walks towards George so he’s standing in front of the smaller man.

The brunet sways a little, fingers fiddling with the sleeve of his — *Dream’s* — hoodie that engulfs his entire body like a blanket, reaching to the middle of his thighs, the sleeves slightly rolled up so he can see his hands. George’s eyes shoot from Dream to the ground as the silence weighs on and he continues to burn holes into his body.

George feels soft hands lifting his head up gently. Dream makes him look deep into deep, olive eyes, breath hitching when he realizes how close the man is to him.

“If you wanted to kiss me again, baby,” the blond begins. His words are slow, soft, hungry eyes flickering all over George’s face and he can smell the strong scent of pine working around him as it holds him in tight restraint. “All you had to do is ask. What did I say about being confident, hm?”

His voice deepens to a low rasp that throws George back to the time in the cafe, breath beginning to feather over George’s frozen lips and he can’t help but let his eyes flutter shut at the rub of Dream’s thumbs on his cheeks.

“Let me give you another lesson, okay, angel?” Dream smirks.

“Please,” George whispers, though it comes out as a whimper.

“When you have him close to you, try to make sure their head is turned towards you,” the blond whispers, heated breath brushing on the surface of his cheeks. Dream drags his lips down the man’s cheeks, leaving behind a slight trail of glimmering wetness. George lets Dream gently move his head, tilting him up so their lips hover over each other. Both of their eyes flicker down to the other’s lips and George watches as Dream’s tongue comes out to brush a slick shine over the bottom of his.

“What,” he swallows hard. “What after?”

The younger man smirks again, eyes clouding with want and hunger. “When you kiss someone, sometimes they want it fast and hard. Sometimes, they want to go slow and enjoy the moment,” Dream whispers roughly, voice laced with something George can’t really pin-point, but it stirs something in the bottom of his stomach, threatening to pull out a mewl. “You’ll know which one they want when you get to the moment, but for now…”

Dream leans in without finishing his sentence. Instead, he closes the gap between them and presses his lips *hard* against George’s.

It’s nothing like it was the first time.

Their first kiss was soft and languid, slow and fond, and everything Dream had said about enjoying the kiss. George liked his first kiss like Dream left him begging for more and more, despite it being his best friend.

But this one, this particular kiss causes a ruckus of a storm inside of him.

The blond is harsh, pressing into George as he pushes the man back so his hips dig into the counter. A small gasp escapes his lips, and it’s hungrily swallowed by Dream who grasps at his hips with a tight grip. His arms roughly wrap around his small waist, tugging him impossibly closer. And George, after catching up with what’s going on, lifts his arms to wrap around Dream’s neck, eyes fluttering shut and he presses back just with as much desire.

He has no idea what he's doing if he's honest with himself, mouth dropping open from Dream's frequent swipe of his tongue on his bottom lip, but he makes it easy for George (as easy as kissing your best friend harshly can get). When Dream suckles his bottom lip, a small whine drips from his lips, and George is about to pull back to apologize when the man pulls him closer instead. His tongue prods at George's open mouth, asking for permission in a subtle, yet endearing way that has the brunet melting for the younger man.

"Please," George gasps when he pulls back to breathe. Dream wastes no time, diving back in to capture his lips in another kiss, tongue licking into the roof of his mouth and sliding across his own tongue.

And it's everything George wants and more.

Nothing has ever made him feel quite like this, and nothing ever will, he thinks as another whine falls from his mouth. He tries to take control, to show Dream that he can also do it by prodding his tongue into the younger man's mouth. But Dream only smiles against his lips, a mocking, teasing smile and pushes back even harsher, hands gripping his waist in a light yet burning grip. And when George is finally able to let his tongue push into the wet heat of Dream's mouth, the blond suckles on it slightly, pulling a mewl of surprise from George.

When the blond pulls back, there's a sick, slick shine of saliva that coats his bottom lip and a string of light white connecting from his friend to George's lips. George swallows harshly, trying to push away the flurry of heat that starts to build up in his stomach, a storm of images running wild in his mind. They're close, really close, and all he wants is for Dream to kiss him again and again until he's light-headed and gasping for air.

But Dream pulls away, hands still wrapped around his waist with the same bruising grip, and George's face turns scarlet in shame at the thoughts that fog up his mind.

"That—" George breaks off into a nervous, shaky chuckle, eyes flickering away from Dream's intense eyes. "That was... wow."

Dream laughs loudly, leaning in again as he bends over, but he drops his head onto the brunet's shoulder. His shoulders shake with laughter and his hot breath fans over the exposed area of his pale neck and George freezes for a moment before relaxing. He allows Dream to hold him, feeling, for the first time in a long time, safe in someone else's arms.

"Yeah?" The blond rasps into his neck and the hair on George's neck stand up. His lips travel up the pale expanse of his skin, blowing lightly on a spot and just barely brushing his lips on the unmarked skin. George shivers involuntarily and Dream chuckles lowly.

"There's so many," he pauses mid-sentence, pressing a kiss onto George's pulse, and his breath hitches when the man nips at his skin lightly. It's not enough to make a mark, but it makes him want more, Dream teasing him lightly. "Types of kisses I need to show you, princess. I promise I'll be a good teacher, m'kay?"

George whimpers out a small 'yes' and the younger man chuckles at his shaky response.

He pulls back, releasing the red-faced man from his hold and George feels like he can breathe again, but he misses the feeling of suffocating with the intensity of Dream in his space, he wants to drown in the harsh kisses and bruising hold of a particular blond.

Dream turns to the stove and stirs the ingredients that have been sitting there for a good five minutes. "C'mon, baby, we can continue later, but we should eat because this is done."

George wets his lips, the weight of Dream's mouth on his is rooted deeply in his mind like a tattoo he can't get off. He nods wordlessly, getting out the bowls and utensils.

As they eat, there's no heavy tension between them. Just like last time, things continued with simple conversations and light laughter, as if they've never kissed each other as if George isn't giddy to kiss Dream again.

"Dream," George says and the other hums in acknowledgment. "Can you— you can kiss me, anything you want, you know," his voice lowers to a mumble as he's overcome with embarrassment at the request. He looks at his bowl, playing with the spoon. "I just think I should practice more."

He doesn't look up, and he doesn't see it, but he knows Dream is wearing a smug smirk on his face as he lowly speaks his next words. "I hope you know what you're asking, sweetheart."

The brunet huffs, red crawling up his cheeks and he rolls his eyes, still not meeting the blond's eyes. "Shut up, Clay," he mumbles.

"Mm, I don't think I will, baby."

"You're such an idiot."

"I love you too."

---

"George!"

Dream wheezes out laughter that has him curling in on himself over the counter as George pouts at the blond, a slight smile on his lips. "Shut up, you stupid idiot. You're making a scene."

The cafe is quiet with the exception of Dream. There are not many customers today, and for that, George is grateful. He's not sure he can handle anything with the pain-killing headache he's currently sporting and being occupied by his best friend who wouldn't leave him alone. Let alone a rush of customers.

"C'mon, George, what's wrong with you today?" Dream pouts, worry lacing through his playful features when he takes notice of his quiet attitude.

The brunet groans, head thumping painfully against his skull. There's a static beating of blood that rushes to his ears with each pound of his heart. "My head is fucking killing me today," he mumbles painfully. George looks up at Dream a second later with his lips pursed. "Don't call me that."

The blond frowns. "Why did you come into work if you had a headache?"

"Because we go to school, or did you forget how fucking expensive it is here?"

Dream rolls his eyes at the snark comment. "Okay, but one day off can't be that bad. Can you ask someone to cover your shift for today?"

"I want to work today, Dream," George murmurs.



“Is there anything I can get you?”

George groans again, head throbbing as he speaks. “Probably not. I left my painkillers back at our apartment before I left and I feel bad for making you walk all the way back.”

“Sweetheart, I don’t care. You’re in pain and you have to work, right? I’m getting those painkillers.” Dream tugs his bag off his shoulder and passes it to the brunet who wears a confused expression on his face. “Take this for me, that way I don’t have to carry this stupid bag up and down.”

The brunet takes the bag with hesitancy, and he’s about to tell Dream that he doesn’t need to when he turns around and walks out of the glass doors, the bell ringing to signal his departure. It causes a warm fire to settle over George’s chest as he puts his friend’s bag down below the counter.

Recently, Dream has gotten a lot closer to the elder, and George isn’t sure if it’s because of the kissing or something else. He openly expresses his affection by coming up behind him and pressing a gentle kiss on his neck every morning in the kitchen, and the brunet, can’t help but lean back into his embrace, allowing the warmth to envelop his body. Even more so, the pet names that roll out of Dream’s tongue come out more naturally and more fondly, and despite George telling him to stop (in a very weak way), he can’t bring himself to hate them.

In fact, he likes it. A lot.

And it only causes a flurry of storms in his stomach, feelings that should remain unwanted peeking their heads out of the water.

The bell jingles and it shakes George out of his thoughts as he looks up quickly. He half expects it to be Dream, but it’s Sapnap and another friend of his, Boomer, George recalls, and he can’t help but feel his heart drop a little from the disappointment.

George tries to reason that he just wants his painkillers before he feels like collapsing.

He straightens his back and pushes those thoughts far, far away from his mind. He doesn’t want to think about his best friend like that, because — well, that’s all they are.

Best friends.

And George likes Sapnap.

Right?

“Hey, George,” Sapnap says and the brunet smiles back. The throbbing pain in his head begins to grow again and he has to keep himself from wanting to curl into a ball and groan.

“Hi, Sapnap. Hey, Boomer. What can I get you two today?”

He can barely pay attention to the pair with the pulsating feeling in his head, everything going by with a blur and words molding together so they don’t make sense. George makes a mistake when noting down one of their orders and he stutters out an ‘*I’m okay*’ to Sapnap when he asks.

George doesn’t even have the energy in him to feel giddy about the raven being worried about his well-being, he just wants the painkillers from Dream and to sleep.

The loud hiss from the coffee machine doesn’t help anything, only ringing loudly in his ears and he bites down a pained whine. He hears the bell jingle from the front and he looks up expectantly.

“Hey, George,” a familiar voice reaches out to him and he snaps his eyes open. George sees the blond man peering over the counter with something in his hand, and behind him, Karl walks in with a worried expression, apron in hand.

“Dream,” George breathes in relief. “Did you find it? Why is Karl here? He doesn’t work today.”

The brunet comes to a stop besides George and shoves him towards the other side of the counter. It makes him yelp in surprise. “Karl!” He squeaks and the man pushes him into Dream’s arms, who holds him tightly with a worried expression painting his lips, peering down at his face.

George feels his face turn crimson when he realizes how warm Dream is.

“I asked him to cover your shift. You look like you’re in the worst pain you’ve ever experienced, George. You need rest,” Dream whispers and shows him the bottle of painkillers. “I did bring these though, so you don’t feel too bad on the way home.”

“Guys, I appreciate it but I can’t— I need to—”

“No but’s, George!” Karl inserts himself into the conversation, tying the apron behind his back. “I’ll take over your shift, you can keep the money I earn. I don’t care.”

His eyes go wide and he turns to the man. “No! That’s not fair, though. I don’t—”

“George.”

The man turns around in Dream’s arms, eyes wide with surprise and he swallows the lump in his throat when he meets gentle, concerned, jade eyes. The low voice Dream says his name with has him reeling into himself and he has to tell himself to calm down.

“Please, just let Karl take over your shift. You need rest.”

George’s heart just can’t seem to calm down, the erratic beating of blood pumping in his veins is loud, and all he can hear is Dream’s voice, he’s overwhelmed by the scent of pines and spring.

“He’s right,” Sappnap steps in and George whips his head around to the raven.

It takes him a moment, for a moment, he struggles against Dream’s strong yet delicate hold on him, trying to walk back to the counter but he falls back into the blond’s chest weakly, allowing himself to be engulfed by the warmth and safe atmosphere he feels right there and then. His head throbs more and he hides his face in the man’s hoodie, groaning quietly.

“Go home, George,” the raven says quietly next to him and the brunet sighs.

“C’mon, princess,” Dream whispers and George nods, leaning against him for support as he waves goodbye to his friends. Karl grabs both of their things from the back and hands it over to the blond, who carries both of their bags with ease. He hands George a painkiller and George swallows it with the cup of water that’s handed to him with a sigh. “Let’s go.”

George hums, letting Dream wrap an arm around his waist to help him walk. “Thank you,” he murmurs.

“Anytime, George,” Dream whispers.

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Dream is working his lips up George's throat on his bed, pressing open-mouthed kisses up the expanse of his pale skin. He leaves roses of purple in his wake, staining the paper-like skin underneath him and it has George writhing and gasping under him. The much bigger man holds him down with ease, a bruising grip on his wrists and hips to keep George from moving too much.

"Dream," George sighs with a slight whine, and the man groans above him.

"Fuck, you're so good to me, baby. So pliant for me, what a good boy," Dream rasps against his neck and the brunet squeezes his eyes shut when he feels a familiar heat curl in his stomach.

He drags his lips up and kisses George hard, tongue curling into him as he hungrily takes all the whines and mewls that slips from the brunet's mouth, and George lets him take and take, he lets him swallow and drain him of his breath.

It feels good, really fucking good, and George can't deny or ignore the deep rooted feeling of feeling owned, of feeling like he belongs to someone with the trail of purple marks on his neck.

When Dream releases the brunet, he sits back to admire the work he's done with a like of his lips. And George sports red carnations from his cheeks disappearing down his shirt as he sits up.

The brunet goes into work with a turtleneck swallowing his small body, red, swollen lips on display and he *prays* that Karl would be too distracted to notice and ask questions. The last thing he wants is to admit that he had actually gone through with the man's idea.

God, he really is an embarrassment.

George walks into the coffee shop, already hot and feeling slightly sweaty under the thick material. Karl is already there when he walks in behind the counter, cleaning up the machines to get it ready for another customer.

When the brunet turns to look at him, it doesn't take him more than five seconds to figure it out.

"George," Karl starts with an accusing tone and the brunet squeaks.

"Yes?"

There's a growing, mischievous smirk that slips onto his lips and the elder man sighs when he realizes his attempts to hide the hickeys on his neck are futile. "Who was it?"

"No one," George mumbles with a red face, the very fresh, clear memory of Dream on top of him, whispering sweet praises into his ears coming back to hit him as full force.

"Well, it's not Sapnap, that's for sure," Karl inquires and the brunet glares at him. The younger man puts his hands up in the air, a surrendering motion as he defends himself. "What? I was with him yesterday studying for our class, so it couldn't have been him. And you were at work yesterday, so... it had to have been late last night or before you came into work today..."

The barista wants his friend to shut up right there and then because the thing is, Karl is smart, and he can tell that the man is on his way to figuring out that he's been kissing his best friend.

"Shut. Up," George hisses sharply, but it goes unnoticed, Karl continuing to mumble and tap his chin in an exaggerated motion.

George knows when Karl gets it because his eyes widen with a sparkle of recognition and his mouth drops open. “No fucking way,” he gasps and leans forward, quickly tugging down the sweater around the man’s neck and he spits out a string of curses that goes unheard while Karl giggles. “I can’t believe it. *Dream? Really?* How did it happen? Wait— oh my *God*, are you two *finally* dating?”

“What the fuck do you mean finally?” George frowns at the words.

His friend shrugs, moving back and returning to placing cups on the dry rag next to the coffee machine. “I don’t know, I just thought he liked you for a bit. Apparently, it’s not obvious?” Karl peeks over at George who’s stunned into silence.

“No— uh, I took your advice, actually.”

“Advice?”

The elder forces out a chuckle. “Trust me, there’s nothing between us. It’s a…” he nods off with hesitation. “Maybe a friends with benefits type of situation, kind of. Well—”

Karl looks at him expectantly.

“He’s teaching how to kiss,” George rushes out in one breath and the man hums in response.

“That can only go well.”

“You literally told me to!”

“I didn’t think you were actually going to go through with it!” He exclaims with a laugh and George groans.

“Stop being such a dick, Karl.”

“Did you like it, though?” Karl wiggles his brows smugly. “Is he as good as everyone says he is?”

Sometimes, between the soft, loving kisses to the rough, breath-taking kisses shared between them, George forgets that his best friend has been and slept with more people than he’s probably met in his life.

The thought brings a sour feeling to his tongue. He purses his lips and puts the apron over his waist as he heads over to the cashier.

Karl follows him with a pout prominent on his lips. “Come on, George! I’m curious,” he whines.

George doesn’t answer for a bit, letting a beat of silence drop between them.

“He’s amazing,” he finally whispers with bright, red cheeks, and his coworker squeals.

“Oh my God, this is amazing.”

“Shut up before I punt you to the sun.”

---

Despite Dream promising that, *'I hope you know what you're asking for'* a couple weeks earlier, he doesn't kiss George as much as he thought he would.

But every time they do, it fuels something inside the brunet.

The more the blond presses his lips harder against George and drags his lips down his neck, leaving bruises of purple and blue, George feels his stomach turn into a storm of butterflies, stirring with unfelt emotions. He's not sure what they are, or how they got there.

But it hits ten times harder when Dream decides to take it slow and press a long, open-mouth languid kiss on his slick, swollen lips. It leaves him wanting more and more, secretly begging that he'd never stop kissing the elder.

George doesn't want to explore the heat of feelings that swims beneath his chest.

Instead he pins it down to one thing: Dream is a good fucking kisser, and he doesn't want them to stop.

"Dream," George whines loudly as the other man teases him.

"What, baby?"

The pet names are a lot more common now too, the constant, natural trail of praises and *'baby's'* or *'princess'* never fails to make George feel like he's on fire.

"Stop fucking teasing me," he groans and tries to tug the blond back onto his lips expectantly, and Dream only hovers over them, smirking smugly.

"Who says you get to make demands, princess?"

"Because I am a fucking princess," George bites back without paying much attention to his words. Dream smirks wider, pushing the smaller man down onto the couch so he's laying on his back.

He leans in close, lips at the brunet's ear and George shivers. "You're right," he whispers. "You're a fucking pillow princess, aren't you, baby? You want everyone to do the work for you so you can lie there and take it like a pretty doll."

The words hit him at full force, igniting a fire on his cheeks that flame down his shirt and he hides his face behind his palms. "Dream," he mewls and the man pulls his hands away, leaning in to peck his lips softly before pulling away and getting up.

"C'mon, baby, don't we have somewhere to go?"

Faintly, George remembers his later promise to the blond for helping him with kissing, and he groans with a pout on his lips. "But I was having fun," he blinks owlishly, attempting to make a puppy faced look to trip over Dream. It looks like it's working until he turns around and his arms crossed.

"Won't work today, honey. I'm hungry and you promised dinner."

George rolls his eyes and sticks his tongue out childishly, quickly getting up and brushing past the much taller man to go and change.

He's quickly tugged back onto a sturdy, warm chest and he looks up expectantly. Dream smiles at him fondly, leaning down and pressing another quick kiss on his lips. "Dress nice, okay, baby?"

“I always do,” George smirks onto his lips and the younger man chuckles, letting him go.

When he gets to his room, the brunet decides that he wants to wear a skirt for the dinner date — *day*. It’s not a date, George reminds himself.

He sifts through the collection of skirts and his eyes catch on a brand new plaid blue skirt. It’s a pretty baby blue color and has stripes of white going down it. The brunet pairs it with a sweater he had borrowed — stolen — from his roommate’s closet and tugs it on with ease. He tucks it in a little bit so it hangs loosely over the edge.

When George comes out of the room, he sees Dream typing on his phone, waiting for him to leave. “Dream, I’m ready,” George says. The man looks up and his eyes go wide when he sees the brunet walk out and George feels his cheeks tint pink. He smiles shyly and gives Dream a playful twirl. “Like it?”

Dream is speechless, mouth dropping open as he continues to rake his eyes over George’s small figure and he starts to become worried. He wonders if he should go back and change when the blond paces forward. Dream grabs his hips in a tight grip, bringing him into a clashing kiss, and George gasps audibly against his mouth.

“I love it, sweetheart,” Dream growls against his mouth and kisses him hard again. George whines against him and he pulls back immediately, viridian eyes meeting honey-brown.

He feels a flurry of butterflies rise in his stomach and his cheeks turn a deeper shade of red underneath his paper-like skin. The brunet laughs nervously, the words hitting him with a force that he shouldn’t feel. Dream’s voice is laced with a tinge of softness and tender affection, and it renders George’s mind useless.

“Let’s go,” Dream leans back and smiles, he takes the brunet’s hand into his and tugs him out of the door.

Luckily for George’s wallet, Dream doesn’t force him to go to an expensive restaurant. Instead, he brings them to a sushi place, George’s favorite place, which makes him quirk and eyebrow at the blond. He knows for a fact that Dream isn’t the biggest fan of sushi.

“I thought you didn’t really like sushi?” George voices his thoughts.

The man shrugs, settling down onto his seat across from him. “I wanted you to treat yourself,” he smiles. “You deserve it after working so hard.”

George hides a smile behind the menu, heartwarming in his chest as he scans through the list of different foods.

At the end of the night, Dream offers to pay even though the brunet had promised him.

When they get home, George presses a soft kiss to the blond’s lips, whispering a fond ‘*goodnight*’ before slipping into his room.

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Dream doesn’t stop kissing George for the next couple of days. And George has no problem with

it, he really doesn't. He enjoys it far more than he probably should, really, but he welcomes each press to his lips with open arms, pressing right back and tugging at blond locks. And the way his roommate kisses him takes the breath out of the brunet, Dream kisses George like it's his lifeline, as it's the last thing he'll ever be able to do.

It's confusing yet welcomed in every sense of the word, the storm of hurricanes that gather in the bottom of his stomach roars with every kiss and every drag of the blond's lips on his neck.

George also learns to render Dream helpless, kissing back with just as much ferocity and want. Not only that, but he learns to lead a kiss, licking into Dream's mouth and reducing him to a mess.

But despite all the sneaky, messy, languid kisses, despite having kissed Dream for a month, George still hasn't been able to get Sapnap to look at him any differently from he usually does.

And he doesn't know why, doesn't know how the batting of lashes and sweet giggles don't make it past the man's barrier of friendship.

So George decides to dress up, to change into something more masculine, something a little different from his usual, comfortable outfits. He hopes with the outfit he'll put on, that the younger man will look at him differently, like he's someone worth going out with.

The brunet puts on some jeans, accompanied by Dream's green smile hoodie, his favorite one from his collection. He then heads to the bathroom, grabbing a tube of eyeliner and eyeshadow and dabbing a bit of color over his eyelids. George adds a small wing at the edge of his eyes and leans back with a proud smile.

His group of friends are supposed to be meeting at the cafe to study together on George's and Karl's day off, and while George wants to feel excited and giddy, he can't help but let a heavy weighted feeling grow in his stomach. The feel of jeans uncomfortably scratching at his skin when he tugs them on.

When he's ready, George calls out to the blond, who's knocked out on the couch, that he'll meet him there. Of course, Dream doesn't respond, or if he does, George doesn't hear it as he slams the door shut.

He hopes that by getting there early, he can be with the raven alone and spend some time with him, because, in all honesty, his days recently have been filled by blond hair and emerald eyes, and George always feels a sense of guilt every time they lean in close and hold each other.

It's futile hope, but he hopes by getting back into spending time alone with the raven, he can push those feelings of guilt away. And since he knows that Sapnap is always early, George knows they'll be able to have time to themselves.

He walks into the cafe, bag on his shoulder and he sees the familiar raven hair, his heart doing somersaults with nervousness. The brunet treads towards him and he slips into the seat next to him shyly.

Sapnap slightly jumps in surprise and his lips soften to a kind smile. "Hey, Georgie, you're here early."

He hums in response, setting his things onto the table and taking out all his assignments. "Yeah, Dream is an idiot and fell asleep, so I decided to come early." He looks over at the man, blinking innocently and he bites his lips when he feels an unwelcome sensation grow in his chest.

George feels the green, heavy guilt of feelings grow and he looks away with confusion.

Sapnap gives him a once-over of his outfit and brings him out of his thoughts. “Is that Dream’s hoodie again? It looks nice on you,” he says, but his voice trails off. “You didn’t need to dress so nice though.”

The elder feels his cheeks tint pink at the compliment and he huffs. *‘For you!’* George wants to scream. *‘I wore it for you, idiot! Now ask me out!’*

“No reason,” George says instead and shrugs. He tries to resist sighing in disappointment but it still comes out heavily, breath exhaling onto the table. And of course, Sapnap, the perfect human that he is, turns to him with furrowed, concerned lips.

“You okay? Did something happen earlier?”

“No!” George says quickly. “Just a lot of assignments to do, you know?”

Sapnap chuckles, he flips the pen between his fingers, and George tears his eyes away from the movement. “I get that,” he pauses and puts a hand on George’s curls. He pats his head, messing up the dark locks as the brunet whines in the complaint. “You can do it though, you’re smart.”

At the additional compliment, George is thrown back to the sweet whispers of praises Dream drags down his pale throat and presses into his skin. His face turns scarlet, hiding a shy smile as he tries to bury the memory. “Thank you,” he murmurs and the raven hums.

They turn to the mountain of work they have on the table, the quiet and relaxing atmosphere of the honey-colored cafe settles with a faint chatter of customers, oftentimes accompanied by the hissing and work of coffee machines. The sun peers into the shop through the dark clouds, and when George looks out, it looks like it’s going to rain soon.

Dream and Karl are late, as always, but neither of the pair mind or complain. George is happy — as happy as he can be — to have so much time to Sapnap to himself.

“Hey, George?”

The brunet looks over at Sapnap who’s biting at his lips worryingly. “Yeah?”

“Is everything okay between you and Dream?”

“Huh?” George asks, confused. Nothing prompted the question and he doesn’t think — *hopes* that Dream hasn’t told Sapnap about the casual kisses they’ve shared with the occasional hickeys that splatter on his pale skin. “Yeah,” he swallows dryly. “Why do you ask?”

“Because—”

He’s quickly interrupted by someone groaning as a familiar mop of blond hair sits down onto the chair across from George, quickly followed by Karl who’s whining to Dream about something else.

Sapnap shuts up, his sentence falling silent and he puts on a smile for their two friends that walked in late. George is left to wonder what he was going to say and why it involved Dream, out of all things.

“George!” Dream whines and the brunet looks up, his worry disappears, a smile quickly replacing it on his lips. The uncertain, unsettling feeling of guilt and something else quickly dissolved, replaced by calm joy.

“Yes, Clay?”



“Why didn’t you wake me, idiot! I slept in way too fucking much,” he complains and lets his head fall forward, forehead landing onto the table with a small *‘thud.’*

“Because you’re an idiot that doesn’t set alarms.”

“But, George!”

*“But, Clay!”*

Dream groans loudly. “You’re such an asshole,” he pouts, taking out his assignments from his bag and the brunet giggles harder, everything around him slowly feathers away.

“You love it, though,” he says with a wiggle of his eyebrows and the blond sighs, exasperatedly.

“I do, quite unfortunately.”

When their conversation comes to a gentle stop, George realizes that both Karl and Sapnap have been not only watching but listening to them interacting and he turns bright red. *“What?”*

His coworker breaks into a grin, eyes twinkling with a mischievous glint. “Nothing,” he sings and takes out some pens.

Sapnap, though, doesn’t say anything. Instead, he raises an eyebrow to the brunet and gives him a small smirk.

George has to stop himself from asking what the hell it means.

Their study session goes quietly, and other than the occasional talk of mundane things or asking for assignment help, it goes by smoothly.

Somewhere in the time lost inside of English books and papers, it starts to rain heavily.

George tries to act confident and use everything he’s learnt from Dream to lean into the raven, he talks more with him and makes an effort to nudge himself closer as time drags on in the dull cafe.

Every time he turns to Sapnap, however, he can feel green, viridian eyes burning into his head, making him nervous. And each time he turns around to meet those pair of eyes, the man only smirks and looks back down.

The unsettling feeling grows, a hurricane beginning to storm.

The rain pounds harder against the glass.

With each drilling stare to George’s face, he gets more and more pink, a rush of blood surfacing the pale of his skin. Every flicker to the man’s lips serves a reminder of a kiss they’ve shared in the past week alone and George has to curse himself to focus on Sapnap and ignore the warm, stirring feelings that settle in his chest.

When he turns to Sapnap again, the man’s brows are furrowed in concentration, staring hard at the assignment he’s working on in his laptop.

“George?” Sapnap asks and the brunet perks up.

“Yeah? What do you need?”

“Could you help me with this? I can’t seem to figure out the correct code for this, I’ve been stuck

on it for five minutes and it won't run," the raven frowns.

George peeks over at the laptop. "Sure, let me take a look at it," he says and his eyes flicker to jade ones for a moment.

*Compliment them.*

"This is good, Sapnap. You did good so far," he voices with a smile and he shifts the laptop so it sits in front of him. "But you messed this part up. Do you see how you didn't add the component from the work sheet? You need to make sure there's not only a space but also quotation marks."

"Oh, thank you, Georgie. I get it now, you're the best," he grins at the brunet and George licks his lips.

He can only hear the delicate praises of Dream going into his ears.

"No problem," he says breathlessly and leans back. He watches Sapnap furrow his eyebrows again in concentration as he goes back to work and George stares at the papers in front of him, mind distracted and running in circles.

After a while, Karl and Sapnap decide to get up to grab another round of coffee. For some reason, the feeling in George's stomach isn't letting up, and he begs Karl with his eyes to let him accompany them on the coffee run but Karl only winks at him, walking away with Sapnap and leaving George with Dream.

He feels his stare scorching into his skull.

"What is it with you today?" George glares at the man.

Dream plays pretend, innocently blinking and smiling. He leans forward and rests his head on the palms of his hand. "What do you mean?"

The elder man groans loudly, head lolling back onto the back of the seat and he huffs towards the ceiling. "You've been fucking staring at me the whole day today. Have you even gotten any work done?"

Dream just smiles. "Just can't wait to kiss you, darling."

"You can't say shit like that," George hisses, whipping his head back to the blond and the man scoffs.

"What? Do you think I'd rather watch you flirt with Sapnap, terribly, by the way."

The brunet gapes, eyes narrowing quickly in accusation. "Aren't you the one that fucking told me I'd be a natural? You're such a fucking asshole," George whispers sharply and leans over the table.

The blond scoffs again, a sarcastic, cold chuckle dripping from his lips. "You just sit there all helpless and bat those pretty little eyes of yours like the fucking coward that you are."

"Shut up," George mutters.

"At least, I know what you fucking want. At least I can get someone to look at me and like me back. You can't even look at Nick in the fucking eye," Dream continues to taunt and George seethes.

*"Shut. Up."*

“Listen here, *sweetheart*.” The pet name is said with mocking malice, dripping with something sinful as well as cruel, and it makes George’s blood boil, the unsettling feeling in his chest blooming to a thunderstorm, wind spinning in circles. Dream licks his lips and the brunet hates himself for wanting to kiss him to shut him up, remembering how his lips felt on his own. George swallows the lump in his throat and pushes the image far, far away. “I didn’t come here to watch you flirt like a coward with Sapnap, I came here to study.”

The elder man sees Karl and Sapnap making their way back, drinks in hand and sharing soft smiles. He grits his teeth and turns back to his roommate.

“You’re making a fucking scene, Dream. Shut the fuck up,” George hisses.

“I’m making a scene? You might as well have Sapnap’s tongue down your fucking throat if you think this is a scene.”

It’s the last thing he says when the pair settles into their own, respective seats. George’s lips are pursed with anger and unfiltered, unnerving emotions. Dream has never lashed out, not like this. Hell, they’ve rarely fought in the past before, so George can’t wrap his head around the fact that the man is getting angry at flirting with a person that *he knows* George likes.

“Whatever,” the brunet mutters and stands up. He gathers his things and stuffs them into his bag.

“Where are you going?” Dream asks. His voice sounds apologetic, but George scoffs with annoyance.

“None of your fucking business, asshole. Leave me alone.”

He doesn’t say goodbye to the other two who stare after him with a troubled and worrying expression. George storms out of the cafe and is immediately hit by the rainstorm that pounds onto the ground. He groans, fighting back tears as he looks ahead and runs towards shelter at the nearby library.

The words punctuate his skin over and over again, rolling and echoing in his mind like a broken record and a string of hot tears begin to flood down his cheeks.

God, he really is pathetic.

---

It hurts.

The words that Dream spit out like hot magma burn into his skin, bringing hot tears to his eyes. George isn’t even entirely sure why he got angry. He knows he told the blond he was interested in Sapnap, but for some reason, he had a problem with it.

George takes out the assignments from his soaking bag and tries not to burst into tears at the assignments that are all damp and wet from the rain. He can’t even work on something else to take his mind off of things.

He feels his phone vibrate on the table and he feels tears stream down his face as he ignores it. The table continues to vibrate a little, going on for a couple seconds before completely disappearing and

George lets his head fall forward onto the table as his thoughts run.

The phone gives off a short vibration, one that tells George he just got a text, and it continues, vibration after vibration and he waits for it to all stop for a couple seconds before he checks his phone.

Through blurred vision, he unlocks his phone and sees a couple notifications from Sapnap, Karl, and Dream.

His eyes go to the message preview of his roommate's text.

***From; idiot sandwich.***

*[4.34pm]*

*George, I'm sorry, please just respond...*

George swipes the message away and opens Sapnap's instead, who's sent a couple messages full of worry.

***From; Dumbnap***

*[4.32pm]*

*George*

*Answer my calls please :(*

*I'm worried about you*

*Call me back when you want, I'll be here to talk.*

George sighs, quickly going through Karl's similarly concerned texts and responding with a quick 'I'm fine, don't worry about me' and dials Sapnap's number.

When the man picks up, he tries to mask the running tears and thick voice with a cheerful one.

"Hey, Sapnap, sorry I left early. I didn't feel too good," he half lies.

Sapnap's voice crackles through the phone with a knowing sigh. "I know you and Dream fought, I'm not fucking stupid," he says bluntly and the brunet groans a little, sinking lower in his chair.

"He's such a fucking idiot," he mumbles and he hears cheerful laughter through the phone.

"He is an idiot, we always knew that though. But I wanted to offer that if you didn't feel like seeing him yet or going back to your apartment, you can always stay at mine for the time-being. My sofa is very comfortable."

George swallows. "Yeah... yeah, I'd love that, thank you, Sapnap."

“Cool, where are you? I’ll wait for you there.”

“The library.”

“I’ll be there in five,” Sapnap says and he hangs up, the dull beep of the phone going into George’s ear and he sighs.

He packs up his things, hoping that he can let them air out to dry at Sapnap’s place and tugs the bag onto his shoulder. The brunet meets Sapnap outside the library a couple minutes later, the rain blending from harsh splatters to light droplets of water pattering the concrete. The raven holds out an umbrella and urges George to hurry up and run under it.

Feeling the raven’s warmth being so close next to him should make him feel giddy with happiness like he used to be, but instead, there’s a dull, empty ache in his chest, one that feels like a part of him went missing and ripped out of him.

They walk in silence.

When they get to Sapnap’s apartment, he gives George some towels and spare clothing, a hoodie that’s a little big on the smaller man, covered by the scent of apples and cinnamon. But when George looks in the mirror, he can’t help but compare it to the oversized hoodie he steals from Dream that reaches to his thighs.

And he can’t help but think that Dream’s hoodie looks a lot better on him.

George trudges outside and slumps onto the sofa, where Sapnap places a hot drink — tea — on the coffee table. “So,” he begins cautiously and peers over at the elder man. “Are you okay?”

The brunet only sighs, tugging his legs to his chest as he stares at the mug on the table, arms wrapped around him in comfort. “I don’t know,” he mumbles. His fingers play with the sleeves of the hoodie. “I just don’t know why Dream would say all that to me.”

“Are you going to tell me why you two fought?”

George fights the blush that forces itself onto his cheeks in humiliation. “Well, it’s embarrassing,” he whines and hides his face between his legs.

Sapnap bursts into loud laughter and he feels him lean in, patting his hair. “George, you’re literally like my little brother. And yes, I know you’re older than me but you act like a fucking kid.”

*Little brother.*

He never had a chance to begin with anyway.

George should feel sad, maybe a little depressed and crushed that the person he likes, the person he’s been pining over for months didn’t feel the same way, nor did he ever have an opportunity. The man frowns at himself before he talks.

“Well... you know how I’m not... experienced?” The brunet winces at his words and Sapnap nods with a neutral expression. “I asked Dream if he could, you know, help me and stuff. I wanted him to teach me how to kiss.”

“Oh, God,” Sapnap mutters under his breath.

“What?”

“Nothing— just nothing. Keep going.”

George purses his lips but continues anyway. “We were doing fine, at least I think we did. I really liked this guy and I wanted to impress him, I didn’t want to come off as inexperienced. So I asked Dream to teach me, and it was good, nothing really changed between us.” He furrows his brows. “Until today, apparently. Not sure why he blew up at me.”

“George,” Sapnap hums and stretches his arms over his head. “I probably should’ve told you I wasn’t interested in you sooner. Sorry about that,” he grins apologetically.

The elder groans, shame creeping into his skin. “*You knew?*”

Sapnap only supplies his question with a burst of loud laughter and a grin.

“You’re an asshole,” George says weakly. Sapnap knows him well enough that he doesn’t mean it though.

“I know, I’m sorry.”

“I don’t feel sad about it though, for some reason,” the brunet murmurs softly after a beat of silence and Sapnap hums again, asking for him to elaborate. George sighs. “Like, I guess if you’ve been wanting someone for a while, when they tell you they only see you as a little brother, that should hurt, right?”

The raven nods.

“Why don’t I feel that way? Why do I feel like this, especially with what happened with Dream?” George whispers, voice cracking in between breaths. “Why can I only think of him?”

Sapnap huffs. “You’re an oblivious fucking idiot, you know that, right?”

“Can’t you see I’m literally—”

“You like Dream, you fucking dumbass,” Sapnap bluntly says and George snaps his mouth shut.

“No,” he drawls slowly, his thoughts racing. “No, I don’t. I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

The younger man looks at him with a pointed look.

“I *don’t*!” George defends and Sapnap rolls his eyes.

“Fine. Kiss me.”

The brunet’s mouth drops open and he whips his head to face the raven. “*What?*”

“Kiss me and tell me if you think of Dream.”

George breathes out a nervous laughter, eyes turning away and staring straight ahead at the blank TV. “You’re insane, I’m not going to kiss you to see *if I think of Dream*.”

“I’m serious. If you want to do it, I encourage it. Then you’ll see my point.”

The elder man sighs and gives in, shoulders tensing slightly. “Fine,” he mutters. He should be ecstatic, should be jumping with absolute, delirious joy. But here he is, mind clouded with blond hair and freckles of constellations as he leans into his friend.

Sapnap cups his cheeks, rough, calloused hands brushing on the pale skin and he can't help but think back to soft palms and gentle fingers tracing his freckles, hands that seem to perfectly fit on his cheeks. And as Sapnap leans in, George feels an empty emotion when he realizes that the smell of pines and spring is nowhere to be found.

The raven's lips are soft as they delicately press onto George's, and it's everything he thinks he's ever dreamed of. Sapnap takes his time, pulling his bottom lip into his mouth and languidly kissing him open.

There's no storm, no excitement, no stuttering heart of nervousness.

Oh.

Nothing.

In fact, it feels *wrong*.

When his friend pulls back, George's mind slowly begins to run, thoughts all over the place as he comes to term with the fact that kissing Sapnap wasn't what he wanted, that he wishes it was the man with golden-blond hair and green, fond eyes.

*Oh.*

"Oh my God," he whispers and inhales sharply. "I like Dream."

The raven only laughs loudly. He stands up and claps his shoulder. "Yep! Took you long enough."

George wallows in his stirring emotions, his thoughts are racing across each other and he shoots up to whip his head around to Sapnap. "Wait— *wait*, he hates me. He's angry with me today, and— oh my *God*," George hides his face in his hands as he continues. "I don't even have a *chance*, he thinks I like you—"

"George!"

"What?" He says weakly.

"Just trust me, try asking him out." That's the last thing Sapnap says before he disappears down the corridor and slips into his room.

George struggles to sleep that night.

---

George makes his way back to his apartment, scenarios and anxious thoughts crawling around like ice as he thinks of ways he can apologize to the blond.

He has yet come to terms with the fact that what started as casual kissing for practice and experiences has morphed into deep, rooted feelings he realizes he's always had for his roommate.

It's scary, despite the constant encouragement Sapnap pushes onto the elder man.

When he reaches his apartment door, he gulps nervously and unlocks it. He pushes it open only to

see that the room looks the same as it always is, clean and quiet. There's no sign of life, not yet anyway, and a part of George sighs in relief, the other begins to worry for Dream.

Until he hears a light groan from the sofa.

"Dream?"

Someone shoots up from the sofa, sitting straight up at the call of his name and the brunet sees Dream snap his head towards him with wide, relieved eyes. "George, oh my God, you're okay. Fuck."

George barely has time to react when he rushes towards him, arms spreading open to bring him into a tight hug, but he comes to a halt when he's inches away. He backs away nervously, green eyes full of regret and worry. The elder man's heart sinks a little and he lets his bag drop to the floor as he brings him into a hug tightly.

"It's okay, I'm not mad at you," George whispers.

He feels strong arms wrap around him slowly and hesitantly, then pulling him closer and tighter into a firm chest. George relaxes against him, sighing in happiness and relief as he lets himself get overwhelmed by Dream's warmth.

"You should be," Dream whispers brokenly into his hair and George can imagine the man squeezing his eyes shut in regret. "I was such a fucking asshole, you didn't deserve any of what I said. I promise I didn't mean—"

"Dream," George's voice is muffled.

"What?"

"Shut up," he smiles against his chest and pulls back. "I was being a little bit of an ass too. But you're a fucking idiot, you know that?"

Dream chuckles, light and airy. His hands are still on George's waist, fingers thumbing at his sweatpants. "Why do you say that?" He asks teasingly and leans in.

The brunet is about to lean in and close the gap, he's about to press the blond against him and confess through a heated kiss that he likes him, that if he was jealous, all Dream had to do was say so.

His eyes venture down his neck and they zone into a particular spot on his neck.

Right above his pulse point, is a small, but visible, purple-blue bruise that wasn't there the day before.

George's heart shatters.

Sapnap, for once, is wrong. Dream doesn't seem to feel the same way, not with the very obvious, sporting hickey that's displayed on his tan neck, gleaming with pride and taunt. George swallows the growing lump in his throat and the blond slowly comes to realize what he's staring at.

"N-No— George this isn't what it looks like— I promise—"

"Dream," he interrupts. His voice is shaky, but he tries his best to mask it with some sort of confidence and reassurance. Dream isn't his boyfriend, he doesn't have an obligation to only stay



with him. George shouldn't be as angry and disappointed as he's feeling. "It's... fine. You have your life, I have mine, right?" He gives him a tight lipped smile and moves away from the man.

He stands a couple feet back, making sure there's space between them and leans down to grab the bag he had dropped. George tries to make his way to the bedroom, trying to shuffle next to Dream to let him pass.

The younger man blocks him, holding onto his shoulders with a desperate plea for him to listen. "George," he begs. "Just listen to me."

The brunet doesn't want to, he doesn't want to think of someone else kissing those perfect, pink lips, doesn't want to think of someone else's lips dancing on his skin and making pretty blue marks that decorate his skin.

George doesn't want to think about that.

"It's fine, Dream, really. I don't care." He smiles at the blond with an attempt to mask his emotions and he watches Dream crumble before him. "We're just friends."

Dream shuts up.

*Friends.*

Sometimes, George hates that word.

There's a couple drops of silence and Dream backs up, arms dropping from his shoulders. "You're," he swallows and his eyes rake down the brunet's outfit. "You're wearing Sappap's hoodie."

George looks down at his body, "Guess I am," he mumbles.

"Where's my hoodie that you wore yesterday to the cafe?" Dream asks, and George thinks he can hear a desperate tone laced in his voice but his mind is filling with anxious, icy thoughts.

"It's... it's in my bag. It was wet so I let it dry last night... I'll give it back," he mutters.

"No—"

"I'm gonna head to my room," George gives Dream another tight-lipped smile. "Bye, Dream."

He swiftly moves around him and quickly walks to his room, closing the door with unintentional force. George lands onto his bed, a comfort of warmth never reaching him as his bag drops to the ground with a 'thump' and he lets out a heart-wrenching sob that forces its way out of his throat.

Nothing hurt more than seeing Dream with a mark on his neck, a sudden, painful tear of his heart ripping to shreds imagining and thinking that all those kisses, the fond looks and affectionate touches meant nothing to the younger man.

Nothing hurt more than taking the hoodie out of his bag and quickly dropping it at Dream's door, refusing to go inside and facing the blond.

---

George is avoiding Dream, which is admittedly a lot easier than it should be considering that they live together.

As a result, not only has he been harboring feelings of loneliness and shattering pieces of his heart, he spends more time with Karl and Sapnap. And despite trying to mask his emotions with happy and cheerful demeanors, he can't help but let his mind wander away from conversations. He can't help but think of pink, flushed, freckled cheeks with golden-blond flopped over his forehead, staring straight at him with jeweled, jade eyes.

"George," Karl sings to get his attention and the brunet jumps out of his daydream.

They're working the morning shift, the peace and quiet of golden rays shimmering through the windows. There's no rush, not yet at least, and George just wants something to take his mind off of Dream while he works.

"What?"

"You stopped listening to me again," he pouts. "I asked if you're going to finally tell me what's been going on with you and Dream, idiot."

George sighs. "Karl, it's not important."

"It is to me!" He exclaims with his hands on his hips. "You're both my best friends. And all I listen to these days is Sapnap telling me how depressed that fucking idiot is, so *please*, I beg you, tell me what the Hell is going on so I can help you fix it."

George purses his lips and looks away, hands fumbling with the coffee machine. "There's nothing *to* fix," he finally mumbles. "Dream went out after our argument and hooked up with someone else."

Karl lifts a brow. "Is that what he told you, though?"

"No, but it's fucking obvious."

"How so?" Karl challenges.

The elder groans, exasperated. "It just is, Karl, why the Hell would he have a mark on his neck if it wasn't for that?"

Karl doesn't have time to say anything else because there's a sudden influx of customers rushing through the door and George sighs in relief.

He's out of the door before Karl can resume their conversation after his shift.

---

Granted, despite doing his best to ignore Dream, he misses him.

A lot.

And not only did his time away from the blond make the feeling of emptiness in his chest grow with every ticking hour he isn't there to say a simple '*hello*,' the storm of butterflies that rages

inside of him grows with every second he *does* see familiar blond hair from a distance away. He eventually pinpoints that maybe he doesn't only like his best friend, but hopelessly and desperately in love with him.

No one else could replace Dream, George comes to realize.

But George is nothing but a coward, and he isn't ready to make the first move to repair their distanced relationship (and the more he thinks about it, he doesn't know why he let a fucking *hickey* of all things break their relationship).

Luckily for him, Dream is Dream, and he makes the first move.

As always.

There's a knock on his door one afternoon. He's got the day off of work and is working on his assignments for class when the sound startles him. George looks up to see blond hair peeking inside with a regretful look painted on his face. "Hey," Dream says in a small voice and the brunet bites his lips.

"Hey," the brunet whispers back. He turns his chair around to face the door. "Come in."

The younger man slithers in, settling to sit on George's unmade bed and for a while, they sit in a heavy, tension-filled, awkward silence.

"George, I just—" Dream cuts himself off. He looks down at his hands, George following the motion and watching his pull at them and pinching at his skin. He wants to tell him to stop, to put his hand on Dream and calm the man down. "I want to say sorry, for what I did."

George sighs regretfully. "You didn't do anything. I was just being stupid."

Dream frowns. "But I understand why you got mad."

"I was..." the elder nods off, not being able to complete his sentence.

"It wasn't something I wanted," Dream supplies quietly. George barely hears him, but the words reach him and he looks up with wide eyes.

"What?"

"I was... admittedly, upset at you, that day. I went to a party, drank a little, and there was a guy I met there," he quietly murmurs and George feels his heart drop. "He started to kiss me, I pushed him away after a while and left but... yeah."

"I'm sorry. Fuck, I'm such a dick head, I'm so sorry, Dream."

"It's not your fault." The brunet shakes his head and he feels tears shining in his eyes, threatening to spill over.

"I should've," he swallows the lump in his throat. "I should've listened to you, though. I should've heard what you were going to say."

Dream stands up, walking towards him and using his hands to lift George's head up so he's looking into bright, emerald eyes. "It's okay, I don't care anymore. I just want you back in my life, idiot," he says with a fond smile.

"I'm still sorry," George frowns.

"I... I really appreciate you in my life," Dream whispers. "I don't know what I would do if I lost you."

"Yeah," George swallows. He knows the man means as a friend, but the words hit him in a different way and it *hurts*. "I'm sorry, again."

The blond man chuckles and for the first time in days, George feels lighter, like the rock has been lifted off his shoulders. He feels happier with the gentle grin that paints Dream's lips. "Then watch a movie with me to make it up."

"Okay," George smiles. "Sure."

They settle down on the couch, bickering a bit with familiar ease at what movie they're going to choose. And ultimately, Dream gives in to George's request to rewatch Harry Potter the Goblet of Fire. They don't sit near each other, a slight tension still visible between them, but when the movie starts, they relax on the pillows on the couch. George doesn't say much, and neither does Dream, instead they only quietly comment on characters and giggle to each other at certain scenes.

Thirty minutes in and George finds himself nearly pressing up against the blond's thigh. His scent is comforting, bringing a wave of warmth that he hasn't felt in a while, and he's about to comment something else on one of the characters actions when the doorbell rings.

Dream looks at George, silently asking if he had asked for someone to come over and he shakes his head. Dream stands and heads to the door, the brunet silently following behind him and hiding behind the door.

When he opens the door, George can see his surprised yet troubled expression. George peers through the door, a brunet man standing a little taller than George, and he feels a bad, unsettling feeling grow in his gut.

"Hey, Dream! It's me, the guy from the party the other night?" The man asks and George freezes, eyes slowly crawling over to the younger man who has suddenly stilled in front of the door.

"Yeah, hi. What do you want?" There's a slight strain in his voice, tight and cautious, and it tells George everything that he needs to know. He grips Dream's shirt by the side, telling him that he's there for him.

The stranger hasn't seen him yet.

"Yeah, I just wanted to apologize for the other night. I was drunk and really out of it, and you're really hot, you know, so I wanted to make a move on you," the man says and George has a feeling that's not the end of it. "But I guess we were both drunk and I didn't want to make it seem like I'm being an asshole, so I wanted to apologize."

"Thanks," Dream says dryly and begins to attempt to close the door.

"Wait!" The man exclaims. "I wanted to ask you, if you wanted to go out some other time and hang out. Maybe this time without drinks and over some dinner?"

The brunet's blood boils, not only falling with red anger but flames of green jealousy licks his stomach, he can see the smile on the man's lips as he asks and Dream stutters through his sentence.

So instead, George moves from behind the door, walking to stand next to him and he smiles at the stranger with an innocent, fake grin.

“Hi, I don’t know if you’ve realized it, but he’s not interested,” he says sweetly, malice lacing into his words with myrtle fire.

The man’s mouth drops open and he glares. “What are you talking about, you can’t speak for—”

George doesn’t care to listen to what else the man has to say. Instead, he grips a handful of Dream’s shirt and tugs him down harshly, lips crashing onto each other and Dream audibly gasps onto his lips.

The elder man takes control of the kiss, intending on making a show for the stranger. A hand comes up to the back of Dream’s neck, fingers running through blond locks and he tugs lightly, the man’s mouth dropping open pliantly and George slips his tongue inside. Dream quickly reminds to the kiss, hands wrapping around his waist and running dangerously low his back, threatening to slip below his sweatpants. George suckles on his bottom lip, reveling in the way he whimpers quietly.

A storm rages inside of him, butterflies fluttering around in a tornado storm of *want*. His mind is overwhelmed with the scent of Dream, submerging him into a headspace he’s never been in before, and all he can think is *Dream, Dream, Dream*.

The younger man holds him closer, pressing his lips harder and licking into George’s mouth with a groan. They don’t notice that the stranger at the door has left already, instead, George feels a hand slipping from his body and a close of the door slamming.

“God,” Dream rasps against his lips. “I missed kissing you, so fucking much, you have no idea.”

George can’t say anything, not with Dream’s lips pressing back onto his and swallowing all the small noises he emits from his throat. He feels his back crash against something hard — the wall, and he groans, pain and pleasure spiking through his spine.

“Dream,” he whines. “*Please*.”

Dream slots a thigh between his legs and George gasps at the friction and pressure it forces onto his dick. His lips drag from his lips to his neck, suckling on a sensitive spot that has the brunet arching against the wall, both of his hands moving to pull on Dream’s hair.

“*Dream*.”

“What do you want, baby?”

He feels strong hands hiking underneath his thighs, touch burning through the material of his sweats and George whines again, louder as he forces the man back up for another clashing kiss. “*You*.”

Dream lifts him up effortlessly and George wraps his arms around his neck with a loud gasp. He feels red heat licking at his mind going straight to his cock, the size difference sending him to another wave of submission. He feels the man walk with him, lips still on his own and he wraps his legs tighter around the blond’s waist, feeling the strain in his sweatpants slowly growing when Dream lets a hand go to open a door.

He’s dropped onto the bed carelessly, Dream following quickly after, not wasting any time to have his lips on George’s own and he mewls when the man grinds down slightly, pleasure sparking through his body.

The brunet feels the younger’s lips drag down his neck, suckling purple roses onto paper-like skin

and it forces a drawn out moan from him. He quickly silences it mid-way through, putting a hand on his mouth to stifle the sound and Dream looks up with a cocky smirk.

“Don’t hide your pretty little sounds, princess,” he whispers. “Show me how loud you can be.” And he grinds down on George’s half-hard cock.

He breaks into a shattering moan, eyes squeezing shut at the wave of pleasure that rolls onto him and his hand falls to the side, gripping the sheets tightly underneath him. He’s never felt this before, has never experienced anything nearly as good as this, even when he touches himself. The stimulation of Dream’s lips on his own and running down his neck, leaving possessive marks on his pale skin is something he doesn’t think he’ll be able to experience on his own, let alone cum by himself.

“Dre— *Clay*,” the brunet gasps when Dream rolls his hips down again and his eyes roll to the back of his head as the man slips a thigh between his legs again.

“That’s it, sweetheart, make those pretty sounds for me,” he groans against George’s neck and licks a small stripe over a sensitive hickey, making the man squirm.

Dream then stops suddenly, lifting his face up and releasing the pressure on the elder man’s dick and he mewls at the neglect, attempting to grind down on his thigh again but Dream stops him with a bruising grip on his waist.

“George, do you want this?”

“Wha— just keep going,” George whines.

“No, I need to know you want this.”

His heart softens at the words, a fond warmth settling over his chest. “I want this, Clay.”

Dream smirks a little. “Yeah? What do you want me to do to you?”

George feels his face burn like molten lava, the words that sit on his tongue too shameful and embarrassing to say out loud. So he looks to the side instead, tearing his eyes from the burning stare of viridian eyes.

“Georgie,” Dream whispers in a sing-song voice after a couple beats of silence. He feels long fingers grab his chin and force him to look up. George’s eyes widen when he meets mirth filled eyes and he swallows the nerves that itch at his skin.

“Yes?” He asks in a small voice.

“Good boys answer questions.” Dream’s grip tightens on him and George whimpers at the words, going straight to his cock.

“W-Wan’ you to—” The brunet stops himself from saying the next part, a shameful wave of humiliation washing over him like cold water and his cheeks burn with scarlet prints.

“C’mon, princess, tell me what you want.”

George gasps when he presses onto his cock again. “Make me cum, please,” he asks through a rushed breath.

“What a good boy, even asking with a please,” Dream coos mockingly and he wastes no time

taking off George's pants and shirt, leaving him naked on the bed and George has half a mind to try to cover himself up but Dream is on him within a second. He quickly puts his attention to his pale body, fingers running around his nipples and twisting it slightly, making the man writhe in pleasure while he pushes Dream harder on his neck.

The sounds that are dripping from his mouth like sinful honey are nothing like he's ever made before, each moan and mewl growing with a crashing crescendo. His voice reaches its peak when Dream's hands crawl lower and grasp his hard, leaking cock. He feels the blond's hand overwhelm his dick, the sheer size difference of large palms roughly moving up and down on his cock makes him leak pre-cum onto the man's hand and he moans. His body shivers and Dream chuckles.

"You like that? Like that I'm bigger than you, baby?" He rasps against his neck and George whimpers out a small 'yes' in response, bucking his hips when Dream flicks his wrist.

Dream groans into his neck, lips quickly making their way up to take the swollen, sick shine of George's lips into his and swallowing all the lewd sounds that slip out effortlessly. His hand tightens around his cock and he moves his hand faster.

It doesn't take long for George to cum, not when the overwhelming pleasure runs through his body like it's the first time he's ever jerked off. The stimulation of Dream's mouth and tongue working on his skin, his large hand wrapping around his leaking dick, and the strings of praises through groans and raspy voice brings him over the edge.

George cums with a loud moan, one that will probably have the neighbors complaining in the morning with the walls being so thin, but at the moment, he doesn't care. The only name in his mind repeating like a mantra: *Dream, Dream, Dream*.

Strings of sticky white shoot out from underneath Dream's fist, obscenely splattering onto his pale, purple-littered, chest. The pleasure courses through his body as he pants, the high slowly coming down. George has never felt like that, never felt so deliriously *lost* in sexual pleasure.

Dream squeezes his cock one last time for good measure, oversensitivity making him shiver and he whimpers loudly. He weakly grabs the blond's wrist and tugs him off his cock, to which the man gives him a way too innocent smile.

"How was that, princess?" He asks, eyes gleaming with pride.

George whines, his hands coming up to cover his face with humiliation as he feels his cheeks print rosy red below freckled spots.

Dream laughs loudly. "Come on, now. I want to know how it felt for you. Was I good?"

George pouts. "Yes, you were. Now shut up."

The younger man leans down again, capturing his lips in a languid kiss, slow and gentle, less lust-filled and the brunet sighs into it as he wraps his arms around Dream's neck. He forgets about the cum on his chest as he presses Dream onto his chest, bringing him closer as they share a sweet kiss.

It's when he wraps his legs around the blond's waist, though, when he feels Dream's hard cock through his jeans, and the man groans against his mouth, pulling back slightly, a string of saliva connecting their lips.

"You're... you're still hard," George whispers and bites his lips. When his eyes flicker to Dream's, they're squeezed shut in pleasure — or maybe he's trying to hold back, and the brunet brings his hips down to meet his own, rubbing against his straining erection.

Dream groans, hiding his face into George's neck as he grinds down this time and George relishes in the quiet moan that slithers into his ears. "God, you're going to be the death of me, baby."

George giggles, obscene thoughts filling his mind again as the man above him grinds down again. "I can—" he breaks into a gasp, the rough material of jeans rubbing on his sensitive cock. "I can help if you want."

Dream lifts his face, all of his movements come to a stop and his eyebrows furrow. "George, you don't have to do anything. I can just take care of this myself."

"I... I want to help in some way though," George murmurs and lifts himself up.

"Don't worry, sweetheart. I can just jerk off in front of you, you don't have to do anything."

At the crude, lewd words, the brunet feels his cheeks burn with red flames. "Yeah?" He says with a small voice. Dream sits up, unbuttoning his pants and George sits on his knees, waiting like a puppy to see Dream's cock.

The blond hums in response. "Just sit there and look pretty for me, okay, baby?"

When Dream pulls down his boxers, George's mouth almost drops open when he sees his hard cock. Dream groans, finally palming himself and roughly moving his hand up and down.

Dream is big, and the elder can't help but imagine how it would feel to have him inside of his much smaller body, if he would be able to see the bulge on his stomach from the sheer size difference.

"Like what you see, princes?" Dream moans, eyes carefully watching George with a sinful gaze and he almost whimpers in his spot.

The brunet clambers onto his lap without saying anything, legs on either side of the man and pressing his lips *hard* on Dream's own, nibbling on his bottom lip. He feels an unoccupied hand come up to tug his hair, making him melt and become plaintive for the other to use and Dream licks into his mouth. It's a little uncomfortable, with one of Dream's arms between their bodies and jerking with every motion, George can't get any closer than he wants. But the knowledge of the man getting off from kissing him makes his feet curl with pleasure and he feels his soft dick slowly harden again.

"Fuck, *Clay*—" George whimpers and he makes his mind up the moment Dream growls, kissing him possessively. "Please— *Clay fuck me*, please."

Dream groans, pulling back with a gasp. "You can't say shit like that, princess," he rasps and his wrist flickers and he keels over, head dropping onto the brunet's shoulder. "*Shit*."

George puts a hand on top of Dream's, forcing him to come to a stop. The younger man looks up and his eyes widen.

"You're serious?"

*It's you.*

"Yes," George whispers, bringing his lips to Dream's mouth. "Fuck me, Clay, please."

He wants Dream to be his first, to show him how good it could be.



To live in a fantasy.

“You’ve already cummed though, you’re going to be sensitive and probably in pain—” George cuts him off with a kiss, not caring.

*It’s always been you.*

“I don’t care,” the brunet says with a wicked smile on his lips. “Fuck me, Dream, cum inside me, please.”

Dream chuckles and pushes him down the mattress, his hair splaying on the pillow like a halo and he blushes when the man above him rakes his eyes down his body. “Don’t say I didn’t warn you, brat,” he says playfully and reaches into the nightstand cabinet.

George tries to seem confident and scoff, eyes tearing away from Dream’s tan, lean body. “I don’t care if it hurts, I don’t care if you need to pin my arms down to the fucking pillow, *Dream*. I want it.”

His words obviously do something to the younger man, making him stare with his mouth dropping open and he smirks. There’s a small ‘pop’ of a bottle, making George look up to see him squeezing out a decent amount of lube onto his fingers. “You’re fucking insatiable, *puppy*,” Dream grins with sinful malice and the new pet name has George whining in a new wave of shame and pleasure. He feels wet fingers come to touch him lightly and the blond man hums. Something prods into him and the brunet begs through an incoherent mess for the man to hurry up. “You want me here, princess?” He asks with a smirk and George squeezes his eyes shut and nods. “Or do you want me here?” He emphasizes his point by slipping his finger inside and it makes the elder man gasp.

It’s only one finger and he’s slowly sinking it inside of him, but *God* did George already feel satisfied. Dream’s fingers are much thicker and bigger than his own, two of his could equate to one of Dream’s and he *loves* it.

“Answer me, pup,” Dream warns. “Or else I’ll stop.”

“*Everywhere*, God!” George whines loudly, high-pitched and desperate. He grinds down on the man’s fingers, asking for him to just get on with it. “I want you everywhere, Clay, just fuck me already.”

Dream laughs, a mocking, sick, hot laughter ringing through the room and he presses a second finger inside of him and George arches his back at the intrusion. The slight burn quickly melts into sinful pleasure and he moans.

“Don’t worry, princess, I’ll make you feel so good you’ll be ruined for anyone else,” the man promises with a glimmering glint and George swallows hotly at the sudden influx of dirty thoughts that cloud his mind.

Dream starts to fuck his fingers in and out of him quickly, scissoring him to stretch him out and when he pushes against a particular spot, George gasps, oversensitivity wreaking over his body with a strong shiver and he moans.

“*There*, Dream, *there*, God, please,” he begs. He feels tears springing to his eyes, threatening to fall as the blond only smirks and continues to abuse his prostate with force. George feels another finger prod at his hole and he mewls at the stretch as it slips in.

“It’s okay, sweetheart, this is the last finger, mkay?” Dream hushes and leans forward, capturing George’s lips into another kiss and he whines at the overstimulation as he continues to hit his

prostate every time.

George's cock is hard again, and it's rubbing against Dream's who's hovering on top of him with practiced ease and he moans again at another particularly harsh thrust.

"Dr'm," he slurs, tears running down his cheeks freely now and the man above him groans when he looks at him.

"God, baby, you look so good when you cry," he growls and kisses him harder.

"M g'nna c'm if you k'p going," George mumbles through incoherent slurs and the blond chuckles against his lips, pulling back and taking his fingers out.

"Don't worry, princess, I'll give you what you need."

George pants, drying tears landing on the pillow under his head and he lifts his head to look at the blond, biting down a shameful whimper at the sight.

There's a scarlet flush of red that runs from his freckled cheeks to his chest as he lathers his cock in lube, wet canines digging into swollen lips and his eyes squeeze shut with a groan. It's hot, and George wants nothing more than to have the man inside of him and fucking him until he can't walk.

"Dream," George mewls, begging the man to hurry up and he opens his legs so his hole is on display, fluttering and glistening with excess lube that slips down lewdly.

Dream stares at him, mouth dropping open and his eyes haze over with red need. "God," he says through a moan. He shuffles in front of the smaller man, cock head latching onto George's sternum but he doesn't push in, not yet. "You're going to be the death of me, baby."

The brunet bites his lips, looking up with a lidded gaze. "Fuck me, Clay."

The blond looks at him with a look of concern, "You sure you want this? It's... it's your first time, George."

George nods, head doing a jerky motion as he tries to push down on Dream's cock. "I want this, trust me. I want it to be you."

Dream looks at him for a second, eyes widening and he squeezes them shut, groaning and leaning in to capture his lips in a rough kiss. "Fuck, princess, I— I don't know if I can last when you're looking at me like *that*." He leans over, looking in the drawer for something — a condom, George comes to realize and he put his hand on the blond's wrist, stopping him.

"Just—" George looks away shyly. Asking for Dream to fuck him without protection so he could feel himself get full is something that covers him in a delicious amount of shame. "Just fuck me without it, you're clean right?"

Dream nods and George smiles.

"Then it's fine."

Dream stops for a moment and the brunet fears he's said something wrong when the younger man pulls him into another kiss.

"I swear, baby, I swear to fucking God," he growls, and George giggles.

“Just fuck me al—” George gets his wish not even seconds later, feeling something big push into him and he shuts his eyes. His body spikes with oversensitivity and burning pain, tears silkily trailing down his flushes, freckled cheeks, and he pants. His legs come around to wrap around Dream’s waist and he hides his face in the crook of his shoulder. “Dream,” he weakly mumbles.

“I know, pup,” Dream groans. His elbow rest on the bed beside George’s head, face hiding in between his neck and shoulders and George can feel the hot, condensed breaths that feather his skin and he shivers, “I know, just relax for me, okay, baby? I’ve got you, I’m right here.”

George tries to relax, letting himself fall back onto the pillow as tears freely run down his face, mewls escaping his lips as he trembles. He feels as though he’s being torn apart, Dream’s cock is so fucking big that when he thinks he’s all inside of him, the man above him whispers to him.

“Almost there, baby, you’re doing so good for me, so, so, good. You’re such a good—*fuck*, good boy,” he rasps and George moans at the words, going lax in between his arms.

“How—” he pants through a whine when he feels himself feeling even fuller than before. “How much more?”

“Just a little, baby, do you want me to stop?”

George shakes his head and opens his eyes to look at beautiful, golden-green eyes. “Please, fuck me, fuck me however you want, Dream.”

The blond groans and pushes in. And finally, the brunet feels Dream’s hips flush against his ass and he gasps. The feeling of being full is not only inherently satisfying for his pleasure, but when he trails his hands down, he feels the bulge of Dream’s cock on his stomach and he moans loudly. The feeling is too overwhelming, red flames licking at his stomach as it wracks up another orgasm.

“Relax for me, puppy,” Dream whispers through a kiss. He tries to distract the smaller man from the burning pain that melts through his skin. “Focus on kissing me, just like I taught you, baby.”

George lets the blond do what he pleases, letting himself relax and go pliant as Dream kisses him with gentle fondness, tongue wrapping around his own and he whines, hips shifting down accidentally and a spark of pleasure erupts from his stomach. He gasps against Dream’s mouth, a broken moan slipping and he swallows the sound hungrily.

“M-Move, please, Dream, d-don’t stop until you cum,” George begs, hips circling in small motions. He feels his cock twitch inside of him and Dream drops his head between his neck.

“You’re so fucking *tight*, princess. So fucking perfect for me,” he pants and sucks a brand new hickey on George’s neck and he whines. The brunet wraps his legs around Dream’s hips and thrusts up to feel his cock buried deeper, his arms wrap around tan neck and he whines. “I’ve got you, baby. And I’ll fuck you as you told me, hm?” Dream looks into his eyes, scarlet need running through his green eyes and he licks his lips hungrily like he’s going to feast on the smaller man.

At first, when Dream lifts himself up and places a hand holding down George’s wrist and the other on his waist, he slowly thrusts into him, closely watching the brunet’s reaction. George feels like he’s on fire even with the small, shallow thrusts. It’s meant to be a teasing act, but he’s never felt fuller and all he wants is to keep a Dream inside of him. Sensitivity wracks his nerves in a tremble and the man above him chuckles.

“Too much already, baby? We haven’t even started,” he smirks.

“Then fuck me as you mean it,” George moans and breaks off into a whine when the blond’s

bruising grip stops him from circling his hips. “*Asshole*,” he adds for good measure and it works, because Dream growls.

The next thing that happens sends George straight to heaven because Dream has his hands gripping his waist tight and suddenly starts to pound into him, deep and hard. And George can’t think, everything too sensitive and pleasurable to even comprehend that all he can do is let out pornographic moans and writhe under the blond’s bruising hold.

“Dream,” George sobs, fresh tears tracking down his crimson cheeks and he sees the man above him flash a menacing grin. “*Dream*.”

“What is it, pup— *fuck*, you feel so fucking good for me, so pliant and good for me, like my little doll,” Dream says through gritted teeth and George thrashes when he hits a particular spot that as him seeing *stars*. “There, baby?” He asks with a knowing grin and George cries, babbling incoherent begs and Dream continues to hit his prostate with force, a mixture of grunts and curses spilling from his mouth.

It’s too much for George, with the oversensitivity to the constant trail of praises that fall from perfect, swollen lips, his cock is hard and leaking with pre-cum, the flame of red curling at his stomach with swollen heat and he moans brokenly.

“Gonna— Gonna cum—” He tries to say through sobs but most of it comes out jumbled and slurred.

Dream groans leaning over and moving the brunet’s legs so it’s hitched onto his shoulders. And the position has George writhing in pleasure and oversensitivity, Dream’s cock hitting him deeper and harder.

“Dream— *Clay!*” George moans with a shout, feeling his toes curl hard at the orgasm that trembles through his body. spurts of white land between his east and his thighs that bend over his body, body tingling from all the sinful pleasure he’s receiving.

The blond doesn’t stop, just as he promises, and just like George had told him, he grabs the brunet’s wrists and pins them down besides his head. George writhes pain mixing with delirious pleasure and he sobs loudly.

“You’re such a— *fuck*, you’re still so tight, puppy, so fucking good for me. I’m almost there, baby, hold on a bit more,” Dream groans and leans in closer to George’s face. The man nods, sniffing and breaking into broken mewls as he feels Dream continue to hit his prostate every time.

George babbles incoherent words, eyes rolling to the back of his head and his pleading begs are lost to the pornographic sounds of moans and whines, the sound of skin slapping growing louder as seconds passes by and George arches his back at a particular thrust.

“*Dream!*”

“*Fuck*, baby, I’m so close, you’re so fucking pretty for me, such a good boy, *fuck*,” Dream curses, eyes squeezing shut for a moment and opening again to look around George’s flushed, messy cheeks.

George wants him to cum, he wants to feel the younger man fill him up with hot release and feel it running down his thighs lewdly.

“Clay,” George gasps, the name sweetly rolling off his tongue with another whine. He can tell the other is about to cum, hazy, unfocused eyes flickering all across George’s face and he smiles a

broken, innocent smile. “Cum inside me, *please*.”

That’s what does it for the blond, because seconds later, the brunet feels something hot fill inside him, slowly growing fuller each second with Dream’s throbbing cock inside of him. Dream muffles his loud groan by pressing his lips onto his own, George letting him take and take, the sound sweet on his ears.

Dream comes to a stop, panting against George’s open, slick, swollen mouth with his hips pressing flush against George’s ass. He leans back, looking down at the brunet’s face and there’s a fond, affectionate smile that slips onto his lips.

George is out of breath, panting and trembling with oversensitivity, the feeling of being so full is too much for him, mind going hazy. But he smiles tiredly anyway and giggles.

He feels happiness course through his veins.

Dream just took his first time and it was the best thing he could’ve asked for.

“You okay?” The blond whispers quietly, worriedly looking at him and George nods.

“M’re th’n,” he mumbles back, mouth feeling like it’s stuffed full of cotton and heavy. Dream chuckles lowly, leaning in to press another kiss to his lips.

This kiss is tender and slow, it reeks of love that George hungrily takes. He pretends it’s the kind of love that he wants and kisses back with just as much affection. Dream runs his tongue along his bottom lip and he pulls back with a smile.

“You’re really hot when you cum,” he mumbles, face leaning in to hide on his neck and George feels another wave of crimson wash over his face.

“W-What? You can’t just say that—!” George stutters. He feels the man on top of him laugh, a small wheeze shaking through his body and he huffs. “Shut up,” he grumbles.

“But it’s the truth, pup.”

The elder man whines. “Stop, *Clay*, we *just* did it and I’m tired.”

Dream laughs harder. “Are you insinuating that me calling you pup is something to get you riled up?”

George feels his face light up a hundred degrees hotter. It’s as if they haven’t had sex and everything is normal.

As if this is normal between themselves.

Maybe it is now.

“Shut up,” George mumbles tiredly. His hand comes up to run through the man’s blond locks and he feels the younger man start to calm down, a gentle hum pressing onto his marked neck. “How am I going to go to work with all these marks on me?” He asks after a bit of silence and Dream shrugs.

“I don’t even think you’re going to be able to walk, baby. You should probably call tomorrow and the day after off.”

George makes a noise of surprise and pouts. “I can walk, just get off of me, you big bear, and

you'll see."

He feels Dream's chest rise and fall quickly with a chuckle. "Okay, sweetheart, let's see it then," he drawls and pulls back. He slowly slips himself out of George, hushing the smaller boy quietly when he whines in pain. "It's okay, baby, you're almost there."

George feels empty as soon as his cock is out of him, and he mewls at the emptiness. He almost forgets what he challenged Dream to do and he's about to sit up when the blond thumbs at his entrance.

The brunet yelps in surprise. "Dream! What are you doing?"

Dream smiles innocently. "Hold on, baby, I'm cleaning you up a little." He feels a finger running around his entrance and the edge of it. He's about to complain when the younger man brings his fingers to George's face and rests it on his bottom lip. "Open up, pup," he says, but it sounds like a demand and the brunet complies.

When his mouth drops open, he feels Dream's long fingers prod into his mouth and he's hit with a salty taste that melts on his tongue. George closes his mouth around Dream's lips and his eyes flutter shut, tongue rolling around his thick fingers so George can lick off all remains of Dream's cum.

He pulls back, letting the younger's fingers fall with a string of saliva breaking mid air and he groans. "You're so fucking hot, I swear, you're going to be the death of me."

George giggles, swinging his legs off the side of the bed and attempting to stand on jelly like limbs. He struggles to stand, nearly buckling on his knees when he's pulled back to a strong chest. He looks up to see soft eyes looking at him and George lets himself believe for this moment that Dream loves him back just as much.

"Oops," he supplies sheepishly but it comes off as a question and the blond sighs with a smile.

"You're not even sorry, are you?"

George can feel Dream's cum leaking down his thighs obscenely, the crawl of hot white sticking to his skin but he doesn't care about that right now. Dream spins him around in his arms so they're facing each other and George smiles cheekily. "No."

Dream laughs, a pure, loving laughter and he wraps his arms around the brunet's waist. He leans down, lips besides his ear. "You're such a brat," he whispers accusingly, but it's laced with fondness and a soft voice that has George reeling with glee.

"Y-Yeah?" George stutters and Dream chuckles lowly. His lips drag to the side of the brunet's face, pecking his nose quickly and he makes a noise of surprise. When Dream starts to pepper his face in soft, gentle, quick kisses, George can't help but let out a giggle, a storm of butterflies raging in his stomach. "Clay."

Dream hums, lips landing on his own and stays there for a moment. "You are," he mumbles. "Let's go shower, baby. I'll get a bath ready for you, hm?"

George smiles gratefully, "Carry me?"

The blond smiles innocently. "What happened to you saying you could walk?"

George slaps his chest playfully and the man bursts into laughter, swiftly picking him up bridal

style.

As Dream gets the bath ready George realizes one thing.

He's so fucked.

---

A couple days later, he's wearing a blue turtleneck as he works in the cafe. His hands fumble with the coffee machine, the cloud of condensed air hissing into his face. Dream stands next to him on the other side of the counter, pestering and teasing him with a smile, and George can only roll his eyes at the blond's antics.

"Dream, you can't just fiddle around—*Clay!*" George giggles, pushing him away from the counter lightly when he reaches to grab at some straws and Dream flashes ivory canines at him.

The blond man wheezes, leaning over the counter, his eyes gleaming with a knowing glint. "It's not like you're busy, baby," he says and his lips turn down to a pout. "Pay attention to me, Georgie, I'm bored."

The brunet groans and turns to Karl, who stands at the counter, with an exasperated look. The man only shrugs and smirks mischievously, walking away to wipe at the table.

God dammit.

Truth is, after that day, George has been a lot more relaxed with the younger man. He openly expresses his affection, holding him in a back hug in the mornings and pressing a kiss before he heads out to work.

Dream is no different, he's a lot more touchy with George after they had sex and he spends most of his time holding the brunet and pressing soft kisses onto his lips and face.

It's domestic really.

But George still has that itching, cold feeling that he doesn't mean any of it, that he's just doing this to indulge him of his fantasies.

"Can you just wait 'till we get home, or something else, I don't know," George groans lightheartedly and Dream pokes his shoulder with a bigger pout, and if George didn't know any better, he'd think he's a sad puppy asking for attention.

"You're going to be too tired and want to nap, though," Dream mumbles. "I won't get the attention I need."

"You're so needy," the brunet jokes and leans into the blond playfully. He pokes his nose, mind drifting farther and farther away from his job.

"What can I say? I require attention."

George rolls his eyes, and leans away from him. "Then I'll cuddle you, stop complaining, you big dog," he grumbles jokingly.

He doesn't mean it, he's dreamed of it too many times to count, but he doesn't mean it. He doubts that Dream would willingly cuddle him to sleep in the late evenings of the day after work. But he's proven wrong when emerald eyes light up, shimmering with poorly hidden joy and he looks like an excited puppy that's wagging his tail back and forth.

"Really?"

"What the fuck— *Dream!*" He exclaims when the younger tugs him towards him.

"Will you actually?"

George has to stop for a moment, mouth dropping open as he searches Dream's face for any hint of a joking glint, but he finds none. "Y-Yeah," he stammers out, his heart beating erratically. "I will, I promise."

"Work hard, baby, I'll be at the usual table," the younger man grins and leans in to peck his lips, leaving immediately after and walking to the table in the far corner.

Karl saunters over with a smirk plastered on his lips. "So," he sings. "What's up between you two? Lemme see what he did this time." He eyes the turtleneck with mischievous glee and George pushes him away playfully.

"Shut up, nothing, literally n-nothing. I didn't think he'd kiss me like that here," George stammers through his words, cheeks scarlet from the simple action of a peck. "He's been really touchy recently."

Karl hums. "So, why did you call off work?" He wiggles his eyebrows and George knows there's no use hiding anything.

"We had sex," he mumbles under his breath.

"What?" Karl asks, brows furrowed.

"We had sex," the barista whispers, crimson dusting his freckled cheeks and the man gasps.

"*What?*"

"I literally just—"

"George!" Karl squeals. "How was it? Was he good? How did it go? You need to tell me."

The elder man feels his face heat up and he flickers his eyes to a familiar blond who's chatting with a very happy Sapnap and he swallows the lump in his throat. "I-I'm not going to tell you!" He squeaks.

"George!" Karl whines.

"It was... It was really good," he whispers lowly and the man in front of him grins. "He's... he's literally an angel, he took care of me afterwards and everything."

Karl sighs happily, bringing George into an exaggerated hug and the man grumble under his breath. "I'm so happy you finally found the courage to confess, it's been too long overdue."

At the words, the brunet's eyes shoot open in surprise and shock. "What do you mean?" He chuckles nervously. "We're— We're not dating."



The barista pulls back with a frown. “The fuck you mean?”

“We’re not,” George swallows, the words heavy on his tongue, the unsettling feeling drowning in his stomach again. “We’re not dating, he doesn’t like me.”

“Did he tell you that?”

George frowns this time. “No? I don’t need to ask, it’s obvious.”

The man groans. “You know, I think I know why you’ve been single your whole life.”

George lifts an eyebrow. “Why?”

“You’re a fucking idiot.”

A couple of hours later, the brunet is standing in front of the blond man, waiting to leave the cafe with him so they can head home. His heart beating in his chest with stuttered beats.

Dream is furiously typing on his laptop, brows furrowed in concentration as Sappnap comes over with a drink in his hand. “What are you guys doing?” He asks curiously and the brunet sighs.

“I told this idiot the after work we could— that we’re going home to do some stuff and he *still* hasn’t finished his fucking work.”

“It’s not my fault the professor is a bitch and moved the assignment to today!” Dream exclaims and then groans as he scrolls through the assignment.

The barista looks at him with worried eyes. “Do you want to do the... thing another time, then? We don’t have to do it today.”

“No,” Dream huffs and closes the laptop, he puts it away and tugs his bag over his shoulder. “Let’s go.”

“You’re going to leave me alone here?” Sappnap asks with a fake pout and George giggles.

“Well, would you want to join us?” He asks jokingly, a teasing smile on his lips. He suddenly feels possessive arms wrap around his waist and tugs him to a firm chest.

“No, he can’t,” Dream says with a low voice, lips at his ear and he drags George out of the coffee shop quickly, leaving behind a very confused raven.

“What the Hell, Dream?”

“I don’t want him to join us for cuddling,” he grumbles and releases the brunet. His palms slide down and holds his hand, tugging him lightly towards their apartment. George lets himself get pulled, head in the clouds as he tries to ignore the tugging of strings in his heart with each erratic beat.

“Yeah?” He mumbles with a smile, red roses on his cheeks.

Dream doesn’t hear him, or if he does, he doesn’t respond to George. They’re at their apartment in less than five minutes, Dream having tugged the brunet with a gentle rush and he locks the door behind him.

The apartment is quiet, delicate tension electrifying the air and honey sunlight streaming through the windows.

“Do you,” Dream begins and George’s eyes flicker up to his, Their hands fall apart and the brunet feels his palm grow cold. “Do you want to change?”

George nods and the blond paints a fond smile on his lips.

“You can use my hoodie, if you want. The one you really like,” he offers and the brunet’s breath stutters, happiness swimming through his veins as he shyly gives him a small ‘*yes, please.*’

It’s soft affection, the way the blond tugs him towards his room. The way he pulls out a green hoodie from a cabinet that George knows was empty before, now full of hoodies and sweaters that he had returned to him. The way he pulls the brunet into a long, languid kiss, working his mouth open with quiet ease. The way he pulls back with a flush on his cheeks and murmurs that he’s going to the bathroom to let the elder man change.

It’s a little too close to what George thinks he’d have in a relationship, but he lets himself hope in the moment.

The brunet tugs his shirt off, smelling of coffee beans and sweet pastries and tugs on the hoodie, his marked neck on display for the world to see. He tugs down his pants, leaving his boxers on as he clambers into bed. The soft mattress welcomes him, wrapping around him with heavy arms and he relaxes into it.

Dream walks in not long after, a loose shirt with some sweatpants on and he shuffles in next to the elder man. There’s a space between them, Dream’s hand reaching out to him and he thumbs at his neck, lightly brushing over a hickey and George gasps quietly.

“Hurts?” The blond whispers and George shakes his head.

“No.”

He smiles. “Good.”

Dream leans in, shuffling closer and closer until George is flush against his chest, an arm wrapping around his slim waist to tug him as close as possible. George’s hand goes up to fist his shirt, inhaling deeply as the soft scent of pines and spring circle around him, calming his beating, stuttering heart, the tornado of butterflies doesn’t calm down.

“This okay?” Dream mumbles against his hair and the brunet yawns, hiding his face in Dream’s chest.

“Mhm,” he hums.

He feels a tender kiss press against his forehead, Dream’s lips lingering on the spot and George sighs happily.

He shouldn’t be getting used to this.

“Sleep well, baby,” Dream whispers.

---

“George, you need to do it,” Karl lectures George at the cafe a couple days later. He’s grinding the

man out for information, drilling him with questions and pushing him to confess to his best friend.

“No, I *can't*, Karl, I don't even think he sees me that way,” George groans in complaint. “He's probably not interested in people like me, anyway.”

Karl throws his hands up. “What does that even *mean*?”

The elder man whines. “It means someone who isn't experienced enough.”

“But you are!” Karl corrects, glaring at him as he puts away some cups. “Because Dream taught you.”

“And that's all there is to it!”

Karl sighs, rolling his eyes as he fiddles with the cup in his hands. “You are such a fucking idiot, you know that? You think he just cuddles and does this lovey-dovey shit with other people? You think he'd agree to '*practice kiss*' with just anyone?” He emphasizes and George purses his lips.

“I don't want to think about him doing this stuff to other people.”

“That's not the fucking point— *God*, you're the biggest idiot I know and we're friends with *Sapnap*, for God's sake,” Karl says bluntly.

“He hasn't even— even if he did like me, there's no signs about it!”

Karl lifts an eyebrow. “What about the time he asked me to come for your shift?”

“It was him making sure I was okay, I had a really bad headache.”

“Yeah? And tell me exactly how he treated you.”

The elder man hesitates, answer dying on his tongue as he's brought back to hazy memories of that day. Dream had been coming to check on him every ten minutes or so, leaving lingering kisses on his heated, flushed skin, whispering praises and soft '*you'll be fine's*.'

George doesn't recall Dream ever doing something so intimate when he got sick before they started kissing. “He did like any normal friend would,” George says in a small voice.

Karl rolls his eyes, clearly not believing his words. “Fine then, where did you guys go to eat when it was *his* choice?”

“We went to eat sushi,” George supplies.

“Exactly!” The younger man exclaims as if he had just proven George wrong.

“What's so obvious about eating sushi?”

Karl groans, exasperated. “Okay, George, I am going to put it in terms of ‘oblivious, fucking, idiot,’ okay?” George doesn't get a chance to rebuttal when he's already speaking again. “Dream doesn't like sushi, right?”

George hesitates. “It's not his favorite.”

“Then why would he go to a sushi restaurant on a night where he gets to choose *whatever meal he wants* and you'd pay for it?”

“I guess you have a little bit of a point,” George admits. “But it doesn’t one hundred percent confirm it.”

“George,” Karl grasps his shoulders with a serious look. “You two literally had sex together, I am willing to bet that Dream thinks you’re in a relationship with him already, he’s also a fucking idiot.”

“You don’t know that,” the barista mumbles with pink cheeks and Karl huffs.

“Whatever, sort it out yourselves before I lock you in a fucking closet and riot.” He swiftly moves past him and George hears the man call out with a small ‘*Sapnap*’ at the door and he hears it shut with a quiet jingle.

He’s left to ponder through his thoughts, the calming atmosphere of afternoon shift always brings a quiet day at the cafe. Golden petals of sunlight touch the surface of the tables, and when he hears the door open, he looks up. His breath is caught in his throat, Dream’s golden hair illuminated by the sunset through the window like an angel, and George thinks he’s in love all over again.

When their eyes meet, Dream carries a happy, fond smile, heading towards him and bringing the brunet into a chaste kiss.

George really is an idiot.

“Hi,” Dream whispers, and the brunet giggles.

“Hi,” he shyly whispers back, red cheeks painted with the filtered, yellow light.

“Ready to go home?”

The brunet’s eyes flicker around his face, tracing constellations from the freckles on his cheeks and he wants nothing more than to run a finger through them, drawing shapes while the blond lays below him.

George hums. “Let me get my stuff.”

When he’s heading out, Dream is holding the door open for him and they walk in comfortable silence.

George’s mind races as he thinks of ways he could confess, the words daring to leave his tongue but not having the courage to do it.

They get to the apartment, traces of yellow sunlight drawing across the tiles on the floor and George falls onto the couch with a tired sigh. The blond sits next to him, wrapping his arms around him and pressing a kiss to his neck.

“Let’s get you to bed, princess,” he mumbles against his paper-like skin and George shakes his head. He turns over, clambering onto Dream’s lap who looks at him with a shocked look and he smiles fondly.

There’s a sudden flash of red that comes to his cheeks. The words are there, they’re on his tongue, but he can’t say them, he can’t bring himself to whisper out the fragile confession of love bathed in sunlight.

*When you have him close to you, try to make sure their head is turned towards you.*

Dream's words from a month back come back to him and he smiles softly. George's small hands come up to cup the blond's cheeks, gently turning his head towards him. His thumb rubs against his tan skin, tracing freckles one by one and his eyes flicker from Dream's eyes to his cheeks to his lips. He leans in close, doing exactly what the man under him had done so many times, hot breath feathering his skin and he drags his lips from his nose to his lips. He tilts his head up so their lips hover over each other.

Dream doesn't say anything, letting George take his time and delicately do as he pleases.

*When you kiss someone, sometimes they want it fast and hard. Sometimes, they want to go slow and enjoy the moment. You'll know which one they want when you get to the moment.*

George knows, he can read it like it's written in a book. A look of fond affection seeping into viridian, jade eyes he always loves staring into.

"I have something to tell you," he whispers hotly.

Dream hums quietly, encouraging him to continue, and his eyes flicker back up to his eyes.

He knows what Dream wants.

So he leans in, and it's everything George wants and more.

The kiss is soft and tender in every way, loving and sweet even without the heavy words of whispered confessions that failed to slip from the brunet's lips. He leads the kiss with a delicate prod of his tongue into Dream's mouth and he pours every ounce of love he can into the kiss, he tries to show and tell how much he loves him through the kiss, fingers running through blond hair. Dream responds to the kiss just as delicately, holding him tightly like he was something fragile.

Delirious joy runs through his veins as he continues to work the blond's mouth open, Dream falling completely pliant under him as he lets him speak without words.

When they pull away, they're both breathing heavily against each other.

"Is that—" Dream whispers. "Is that what you wanted to tell me?"

George shuts his eyes, the words are on his tongue, if he could just say it, if he could just—

"You don't have to force yourself, George," the younger man mumbles against his lips. "I can wait."

"But I want to be yours," George rushes out with a nervous tremble.

Dream smiles, fond and affectionate. "You can be," he says. "Do you want to be my boyfriend?"

George matches his smile and leans in, pressing another kiss onto his lips.

"Yes," he whispers.

"I love you," Dream mumbles against the kiss and the brunet giggles.

He can't bring himself to say the words yet, but he knows, and he knows Dream knows.

So he just pulls him into another kiss, a fluttering storm of butterflies rapidly flying around in his stomach as they kiss under the golden petals of sunset.

## End Notes

Thank you so much for reading!! Honestly, this took me a lot longer than I thought it was going to take me, my first draft landed at about 17k words and my second/last draft sat at 26k... haha :lip\_bite:. If you guys could leave kudos or comments I would really appreciate it ^~^ it really means a lot to see your feedback. Ahhhh, you guys don't know how much I love this fic, it might be one of my favorite to date. I'm so proud of myself for going past my word goal too!! :D thank you so so much for reading!!

Here's my [twitter](#) I scream about dnf and talk about works in progress so follow if you want :D

Have a good day!!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!